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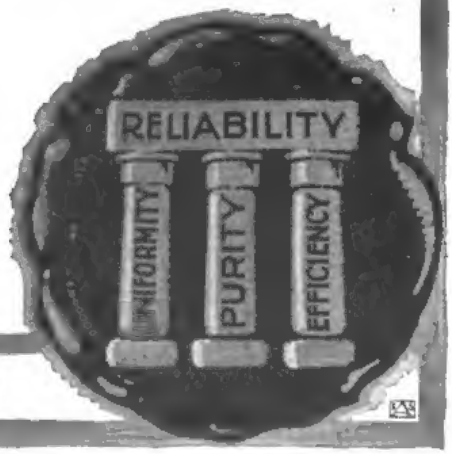

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The
RED CROSS
MAGAZINE

VOLUME TWELVE SEPTEMBER, 1917 NUMBER EIGHT

THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE

BY

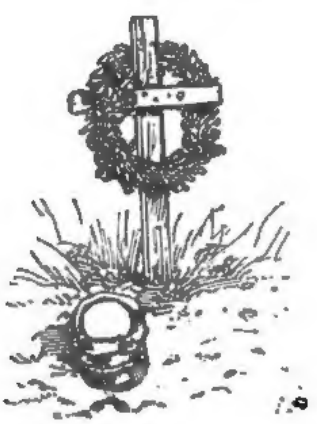
HENRY P. DAVISON

IT HAS been my fortune to visit England and France in the fall of each of the three years of the war, and to observe not only the military situation but the situation in their respective governments, and, to some degree, to note progressively the results of the war upon the people.

You may read of it all, you may be told of it all, but you can form no appreciation of it without yourself observing it. Perhaps the most striking change in the people is the change in their ideas of values—the value of life is so different, the attitude of each toward the other is so different. Their ideals become exalted. It seems as if their affection and regard for mankind had immeasurably increased. They seem to be without malice or design, envy or jealousy, without sordid ambition—to be living on a higher and better plane. Even with their terrible sorrow and suffering they seem to be stronger and surer and more content to meet whatever may be given them to meet.

What must happen to us that we may be awakened and purified? I wish for no ill, but I hope and pray that whatever may be needed to arouse us to a sense of sacrifice and cleanse us from our selfishness will come to us. If it does not, we shall be ill prepared to live and meet our responsibilities with respect to other people so cleansed and strengthened.

I firmly believe that through the Red Cross we can not only render a service to our allies—to those who are to-day fighting for us—but we can bring forcefully to our own people a sense, both of their obligation and of their opportunity. And I am optimistic enough to believe that the men and women of this country will, in a not far distant day, rejoice in sacrifice—in real sacrifice—and demand that the Red Cross shall carry to the peoples then living the heartfelt appreciation of what they have done for us, and express such appreciation by every possible aid.



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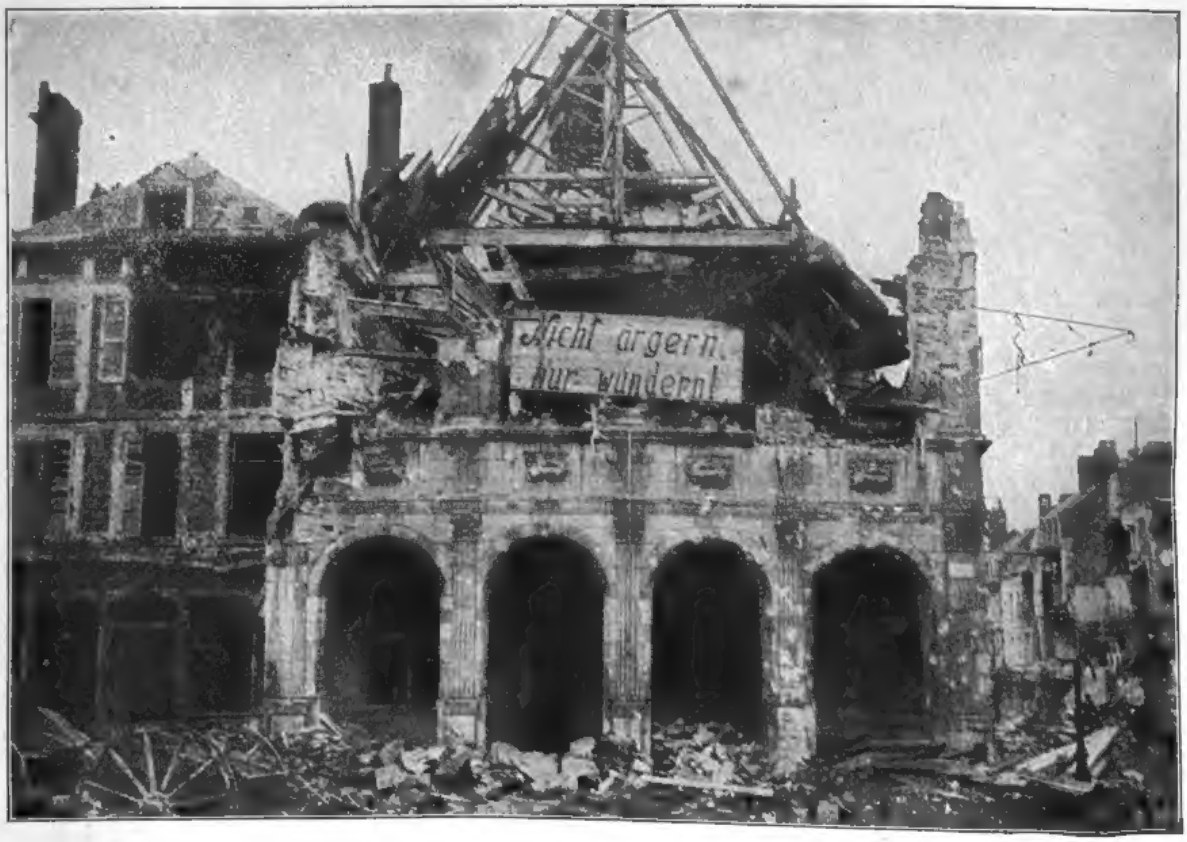
IN THE WAKE OF THE GERMAN RETREAT



BY

STÈPHANE LAUZANNE

A DOCUMENT indicates perhaps more clearly than a speech the frightful treatment the French people have undergone for thirty months at the hands of the Germans. This document is an official German notice which was found posted on the walls of a small village, Holnon, northwest of St. Quentin. The notice bears the official seal of the German commander. It read thus:

Holnon, July 20th, 1915.

All the workmen, with their wives and children of fifteen years, are obliged to work in the fields every day, Sunday included, from four o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night.

Half an hour in the morning, an hour at noon, and half an hour in the afternoon will be allowed for rest and recreation.

Infractions of this rule will be punished as follows:

1. The laborer who refuses to work will be thrown, in company with other objectors during the harvest time, in jail under the charge of German non-comissioned officers. After the harvest, the objectors will be imprisoned for six months. Every third day nourishment of bread and water will be provided.

2. The women who refuse to work will be transported to the fields to work there. After the harvest the women will be imprisoned for six months.

3. Children who refuse to work will be punished by being flogged with a stick.

In addition, the Commander reserves the right to punish objecting laborers by twenty strokes of the lash every day.

The workmen of the village of Verdulles have already been punished severely.

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TOO HEAVY TO CARRY, TOO USEFUL TO LEAVE

Unable to carry away agricultural implements with them on their retreat, the Germans in each village collected the machinery in piles and burnt it

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Moreover, the unfortunate population of the village has been robbed and pillaged without pity; not only have the Germans taken money and goods but they have pillaged shops and private houses without scruple. The following example is truly characteristic of the behavior of the invader.

At Ham in the Somme the Grand Duke of Hesse appeared one day in December, 1914, at a hardware shop. He selected several articles, such as an electric light, fixtures, etc., and had them wrapped up for him. But when the employee asked for the money for the purchases, he replied, "What money? I haven't bought anything, and I owe you nothing. Everything in here belongs to me and I take what I wish." The employee protested and the Grand Duke promised him a gift, but needless to say the gift failed to put in an appearance.

With this example, coming from so high, before them the officers and soldiers could hardly be expected to show more consideration. One captain several days later came in turn to "purchase" goods from the same store and paid in the same manner. The last day of February, 1917, a squad of non-commissioned officers and soldiers burst into the store and removed everything of value, destroying all that they could not carry away.

This is exactly what the unfortunate French villages who had to submit to the German occupation, suffered.

When, toward the end of February, a retreat was decided upon by the German Chief of Staff, they commenced carrying away everything that had any value whatever. They gathered together all the young women, and the men of working age and the young boys. These they deported into the interior of Germany.

At Vraignes, a village of some 250 inhabitants, after gathering together twenty-four girls destined to be deported to Germany, the soldiers broke into the private houses and looted them. On the 18th of March, the day before their departure, notice was served upon the inhabitants that they were to be deported and that they could carry away with them anything they particularly desired. Hardly had these unfortunates gathered together that which they held most precious than they received an order to collect in the courtyard of a nearby farm. There some soldiers, acting under orders from their chief, set about depriving them of all the money which they were carrying. Several of them even had to undress in public. They collected about 13,800 francs which the Germans took away without giving, of course, the slightest form of receipt.

All acts of vandalism which were committed —destruction of houses, furniture broken, buildings destroyed by dynamite, fruit trees cut down, wells poisoned—all these were done with the sanction of the High Chief of Staff according to exact and detailed orders which were later found, the orders showing that each regiment knew exactly what it was to destroy before it retreated.

GERMAN GRATITUDE

Naturally there were in many places scenes of untold cruelty. One day the Germans presented themselves before the Mayor of Cugny and said to him:

"Your Honor, it is with great regret that we feel ourselves forced to ask you to retire to the nearby farm of Maurepas, for there is coming to the village the Chief of Staff and the General, who have deigned to grant to you the signal honor of occupying your house for some time." The Mayor acquiesced, overcome with surprise at the courteous manner—so foreign to the usual German method of procedure. Leaving his house in good order, he went over to Maurepas, to a farm belonging to one of his friends, a short distance away. Forty-eight hours passed. Explosions were heard and the sky was red with fire all one night.

When the good Mayor of Cugny wished to reoccupy his house, overjoyed at the announcement of the departure of the Germans, he found only ruins. The Germans had pillaged his house and then had blown it up.

One can judge, under these conditions, what comfort the unfortunate French peasants had when one night they knew for a certainty that the Germans had gone for good. They were without food, their homes had been destroyed, their money was gone and their farms were untilled, but the invaders were not there. What a deliverance! What joy! Some did not hesitate a moment but coming out from their hiding places they struggled toward the French lines to greet the advance guards of the oncoming troops.

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The physical condition of the unfortunate inhabitants was pitiful. Some of them were living skeletons; others seemed like lunatics incapable of showing any spirit. It is thus that the great author, Pierre Loti, in a recent number of *L'Illustration*, described the following scene of which he was a witness:

THE ANCIENT CRONES

"I recall one meeting which took place in the silent ruins of a hamlet, where once the yellow wall flowers had grown in wanton profusion, counterfeiting the gilded decorations on the walls, and where the lilacs made magnificent purple patches in the vast enclosure which had formerly been the gardens. Two old women were living there still; two old women with white hair, with furrowed faces and staring eyes, who seemed to have lost their reason.

"It was on the edge of a well that they first perceived me, a well which without doubt had for generations furnished the families with good clear water. With great difficulty, on the end of a frail cord, they had just raised the bucket, and they glared at me with distrustful eyes. 'Still it smells,' said one. 'Yes, yes,' replied the other, 'it smells. Throw it away quickly; throw it away.' These phrases, pronounced in a monotonous tone, were yet as dramatic as any one might hear. Every one knew that in leaving, the Germans had the extreme delicacy to poison the wells. In the pockets of the prisoners or on the dead have been found the precise instructions for polluting the water. 'Such and such a soldier will be in charge of the wells. He will throw in each one a sufficient quantity of poison, or of creosote, or lacking these, all available filth.'"

When the French troops arrived the greater part of the natives were directed toward the interior of France and were given medical care. Others wished at any cost to remain in their native haunts. One marvelled at the extraordinary spectacle of some old men who an hour after the arrival of the French soldiers began excavating the ruins of their houses, or commenced at once the work of reconstruction and cultivation.

About the condition of the villages so occupied all that is possible has been said. No human word can paint the state of desolation and destruction that overwhelms this part of France formerly so rich and prosperous. The following phrases, borrowed again from Pierre Loti, give a feeble idea of the spectacle which in the Somme and in the Oise and in the Aisne confronts the eye to-day.

"Near at hand are revealed the gaping wounds of a village, an unfortified village, a great and beautiful French village which two months ago still lived. The work of the human barbarians is beyond the level of comparison. 'Each soldier,' read an order, 'must carry with him incendiary materials for a designated house,' or 'he will place explosives in such and such a church.' Such irrefutable papers have been found in the pockets of dead Germans or on prisoners.

"The first sight of this village gave one a deep and unforgettable impression. One longed to scream and curse! What a masterpiece of fiendish destruction! Certainly never since the dawn of history has the world known anything of a like nature, and this was done yesterday! It is an immense wound wherein the gaping flesh still quivers. Street after street, square after square the destruction is everywhere indescribable. Not a house, be it large or small, but which is in ruins; the interiors are bulging out from all of them, the walls hang tottering. One would say that their heads had been cut off and their entrails ripped open.

"In mid-air hang arm-chairs, couches still neat, beds caught by one leg, and clothes of all sorts spilled from out the closets. Gilded trappings dance a Saraband of death among the piles of red brick which are the crumbling ruins of the façades. The rafters and some of the slate tiles of the roofs have long fallen away altogether and the walls which no longer support anything, straggle drunkenly as in a rowdy brawl. A light breath of wind or the vibrations of a passing cart are sufficient to start small landslides."

It will take years and years for the memory of such things to be effaced and forgotten. But the rebuilding of all these ruins will help.

But time can never efface the tragic memories, for generations and generations to come. The French peasants, murdered, ruined, and tortured, will preserve the accursed brand which historians may indeed call the German Army, but which the peasants of France justly call "a horde of wild beasts."

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YOUR RED CROSS

Hopewell's 100 per cent. Drive—Odd Quarters for a Chapter

A 100 PER CENT. DRIVE

LAST May several of the wives of the employees of the Du Pont Powder Works at Hopewell, Va., formed a Red Cross Society, called the City Point Auxiliary, as the majority of them resided in the Village of City Point, Va., adjoining Hopewell. While these ladies had no idea of the results their little organization was to attain, they started the ball rolling in a campaign for funds and members by holding a big Red Cross dance, which netted more than $500 for the cause, and by appointing an Executive Committee of ten men, to handle the campaign, chosen from the Du Pont organization. This Committee met without delay, divided the plant of the powder company into areas or districts, and appointed sixty-five lieutenants. Then the publicity campaign began.

From the middle of May until the date set for the actual campaign, which was to be completed in four days (June 5, 6, 7, and 8th), no worker could possibly go to his work, be at work, or leave his work without a Red Cross banner, bearing the slogan "Join When Asked," staring him in the face. Signs and placards bringing home the aims of the Society and the duty of the workers in supporting the cause were placed at every conceivable place. Motor cars bore the message on oil-cloth banners, a huge thermometer and numerous "clocks" were erected to show the progress of the campaign. The local plant magazine gave wide publicity to the work, and a monster parade was held.

With all this advance publicity, the day set for the opening of the whirlwind campaign found every captain keen to beat his fellow workers' record. The Executive Committee had set as its mark a contribution total of $10,000. All the recording devices were painted to show these figures as a total, and

STRIKE UP THE BAND

A parade was one of the features in Hopewell's great drive in which $35,770.73 was raised; an average of $3.10 for each man

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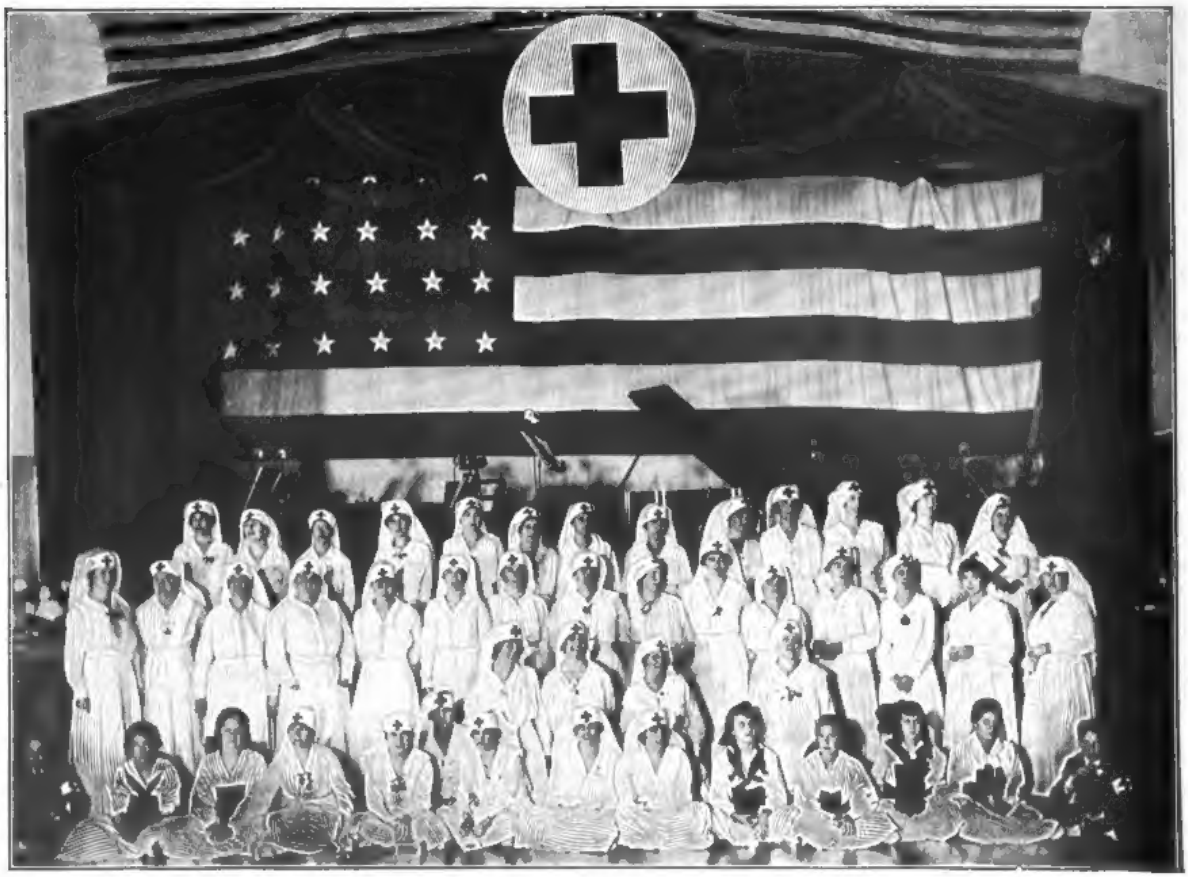
it was felt that the attainment of these amounts would be a creditable result. Imagine the surprise of the organization when the first eight hours brought $10,000 into the treasury; the first twenty-four hours showed more than $30,000 collected, and at the conclusion of the campaign the collections totalled the sum of $35,770.73, and the membership 11,515—an average of $3.10 for each man!

When it is considered that only 11,000 men are employed at the Hopewell works of the Du Pont Company, the real meaning of these figures is apparent. Over 100 per cent. contributed—a seemingly impossible condition, which is explained by the fact that many men took out memberships for their entire families. The record is certainly unique.

Many interesting examples of the interest taken by the workers in the work of the Red Cross were disclosed. A colored employee is the proud possessor of a blue ribbon Red Cross button which was presented to him by the lieutenant collecting from his department because his contribution amounted to $25. And yet this man earns but 24 cents an hour! A favorite method of contribution among the higher paid employees was that of setting aside their total wages for one, two or three days or a week as "their bit." One of the most laughable instances which is related by one of the captains concerned a negro laborer who, when approached by the lieutenant in charge of his department, expressed his evident willingness to join the society at once; he had his money all ready, a much crumpled $5.00 bill, which he turned over with evident satisfaction. Immediately he asked for his certificate.

"Certificate?" said the collector. "What do you mean?"

"Why boss," said the negro, "I wants



LENDING A HELPING HAND

The Ladies of the Hopewell Chapter were largely responsible for the great success of the campaign

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my certificate, so they can't get me in the army!"

It seemed that some one had told the negro that a contribution to the Red Cross meant exemption from military duty and he thought he was buying his way out of the army by his contribution. When the true state of affairs was explained to him, however, that he would probably be exempt under any circumstances on account of being a munition worker, and what his $5 really meant in the way of bandages and alleviation of suffering for the men who will bear the brunt of America's fighting, he not only insisted on contributing the $5 but borrowed $5 more among his friends, making his total contribution $10.

A RED CROSS IN THE LION'S DEN

THROUGHOUT the width and depth of this great land of ours, Red Cross quarters have been established in many odd places, but a working base in a lion house of a menagerie would seem to be unique.

The park officers of the New York Zoölogical Society, having been asked by the Bronx Chapter of the Red Cross to aid, set to work and provided accommodations in the Lion House at the Zoölogical Park. Here, surrounded by the denizens of the jungle, from fifteen to thirty members of the Red Cross toil each day, working to meet the incessant demand for bandages and comforts, and the whir of the busy sewing machines mingles strangely with the call of the wild.

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ON THE WAR GOD'S TRAIL

Six Sketches of Life on the Western Front

BY

MUIRHEAD BONE

(Muirhead Bone, an artist of international reputation, was specially commissioned by the Imperial Government to accompany the British expeditionary force and to depict the daily life on the Western Front so that a permanent record of the war might be kept in the archives of the War Department. Six of his most characteristic sketches are here reproduced.)

From a sketch by Muirhead Bone

A HAVEN OF REST

At a base railway station. The members of the British Voluntary Aid Division are tireless workers Between the arrivals of hospital trains with wounded, they busy themselves rolling bandages or preparing food for the troops

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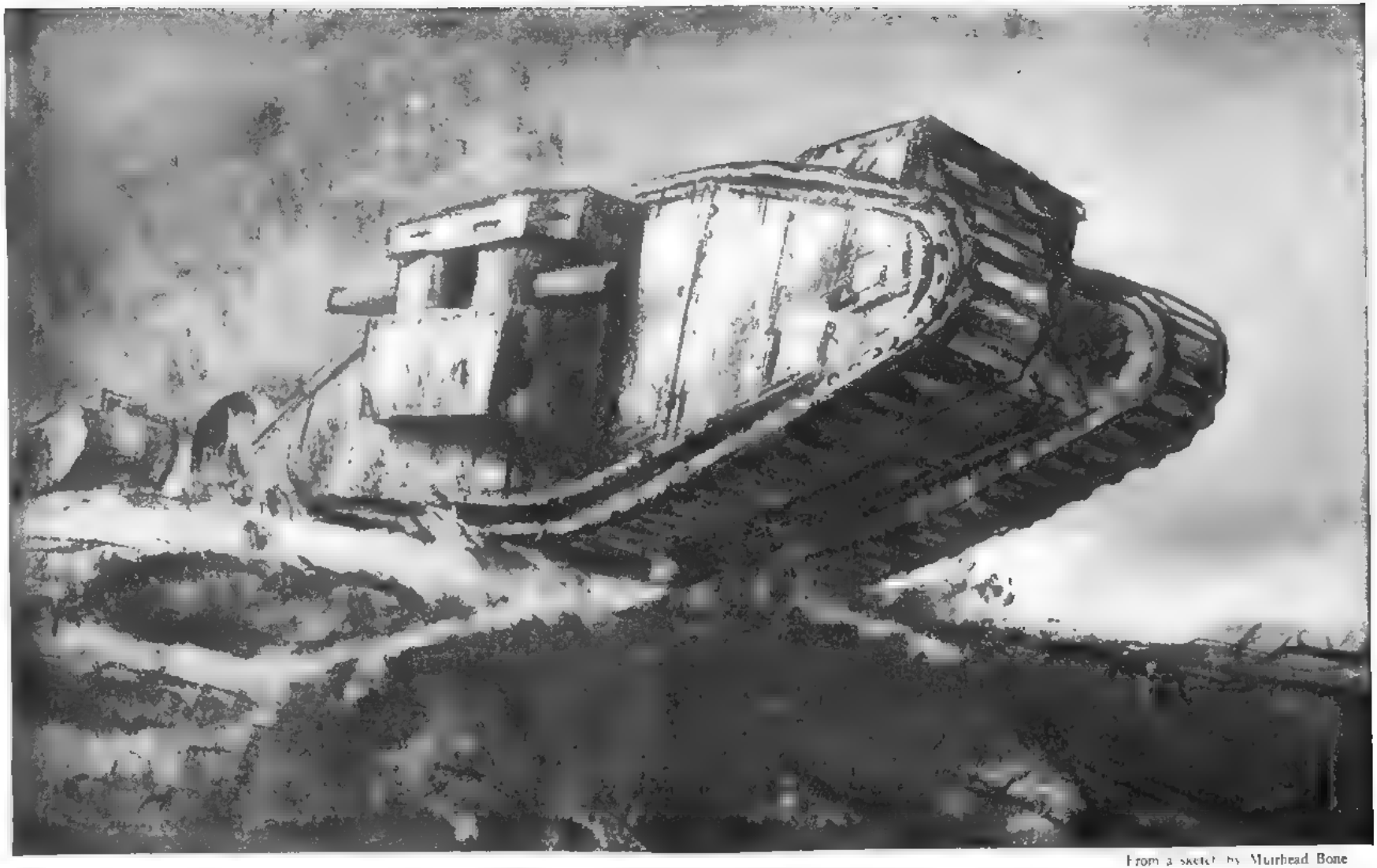

From a sketch by Muirhead Bone

"L'ENFANT TERRIBLE" OF THE BATTLEFIELD

One of the huge British tanks in action. The tanks were one of the great surprises of the war and have proved themselves of immense value in offensive warfare

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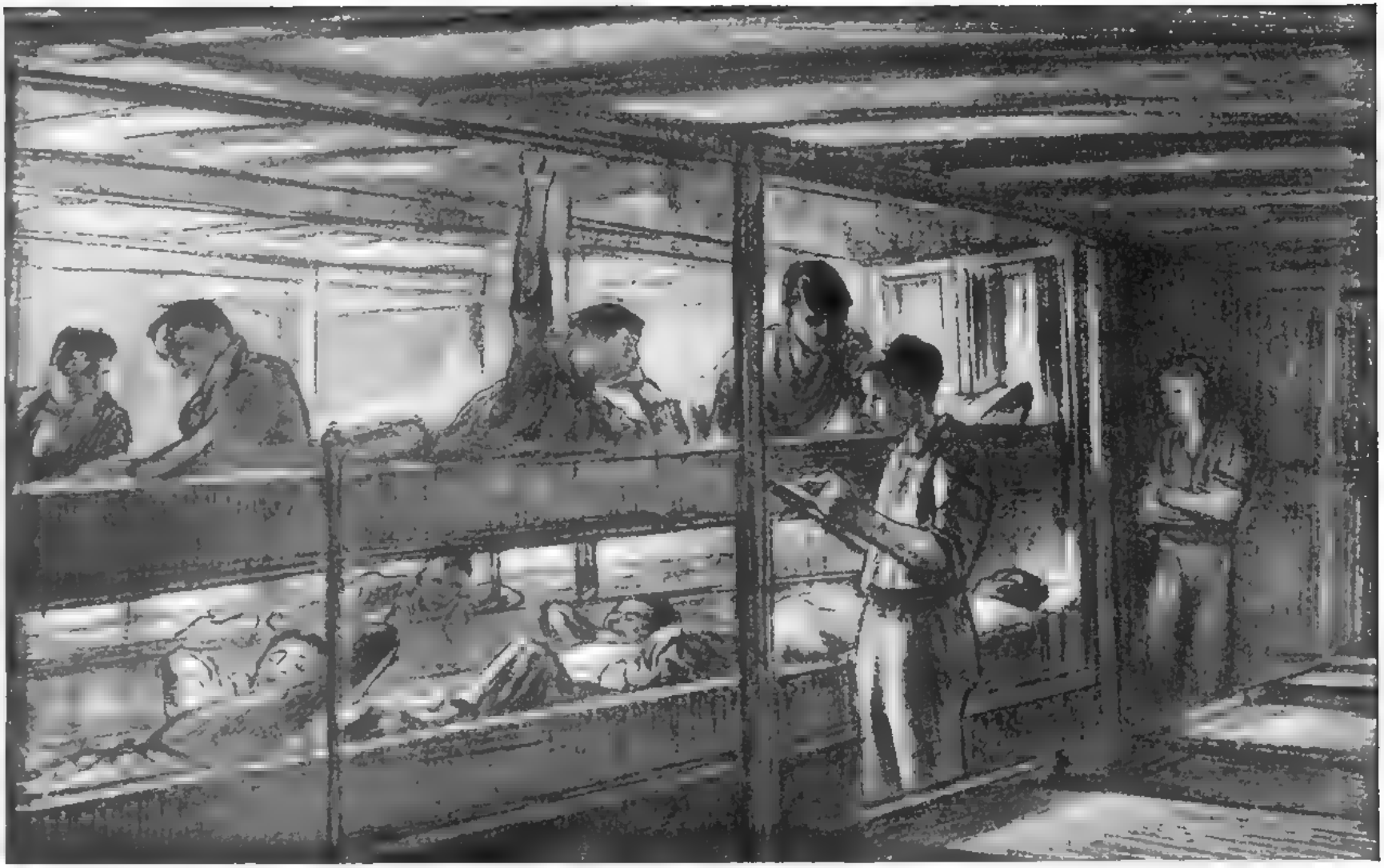

From a sketch by Muirhead Bone

ABOARD A HOSPITAL SHIP

The British and French employ many former transatlantic liners as hospital ships for transporting the wounded

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From a sketch by Muirhead Bone

AWAITING THE WOUNDED

The work of the medical staff of the British has been a particularly bright page in the war. They work often under the most trying conditions as much as twenty-four or thirty-six hours at a time without rest. One distinguished surgeon performed nineteen difficult operations—each lasting more than an hour—without pausing

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From a sketch by Muirhead Bone

THE WAR HOME OF THE "TOMMY"

Even war and mud cannot conquer the joyous spirit of the British "Tommy" or his brother-in-arms, the "Poilu." He labels his sand-bag dugout "Ye Rat Hole," "The Ritz," or "The Old Curiosity Shop"

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From a sketch by Muirhead Bone

CHANGING THE GUARD

The grim, monotonous gray that enshrouds the western battle front at times is strikingly depicted in this sketch of the changing of the guard as twilight deepens into dusk

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A TROUBADOUR OF THE TRENCHES

(Sketches from "Chansons de Route" by Théodore Botrel. Tayot et Cie., Paris)

BY CONSTANCE JOHNSON

Théodore Botrel, the Singer of France, Whose Cheery Songs Have Given the Armies, Battling in the Trenches, a New Courage to Continue the Grim Struggle

THE age of chivalry is not yet dead. Despite the great siege guns, the liquid fire and the gas bombs, there lurks a remnant of the glory of mediaeval days in the Army of France to-day.

You have read in the papers how, in the lull of a battle, a lark might be heard singing high up over the field of carnage? Well, down on that field itself, in the trenches surrounded by the grim engines of war, a troubadour, to-day, as of old, strikes his guitar. He sings of the glories of France, of her victories, and of the glorious future that lives before her, just as his ancestors did hundreds of years ago. In the hospitals, amid the ruins of humanity, he ever pursues his way, leaving behind him peace and calm and, better still, hope. In the trenches or behind the lines, he lightens the burden for the war-weary troops with many a snatch of song—here a gay love song, there a bit of patriotic verse. And the name of this modern troubadour is Théodore Botrel.

Eugène Tardieu says in his introduction to Botrel's "Chansons de Route": "Dunkirk was visited at the same time by 'Taubes' and by Théodore Botrel, 'singer to the armies'—the latter made us forget the former. He sings, while the rest of the world groans."

To sing, while others lament; to sing, while others work, while others fight, while others die; such is the part assigned to this young Frenchman by his government.

To sing, to encourage, to cheer, to thrill, to give voice to the heroism and emotion about him; it is a splendid rôle, and Botrel fills it well. He goes among the wounded, quietly, and his strong voice, with its warmth of feeling, charms them till pain is forgotten. He goes among the soldiers, the sailors, the fighters, and is their voice, and they recognize in his songs what they themselves are saying with their lives. His photograph shows a strong face, with upturned moustaches, hair inclined to be curly, fine features and eyes heavily lidded—broad shoulders, built stockily. He must needs be strong—his days are more full of engagements than the greatest opera star's. Here is a part of his itinerary.

"Sept. 1st, left Paris at 1:32—arrived at Ferté-Nulon at 4 when obliged to return to Paris; they are fighting toward Villers-Cotterets, and the English army, protected by its artillery, is winding along the road.

"The 2nd, left Paris at six o'clock, arrived at Toul at 9 o'clock. Town absolutely closed, nothing to eat or drink. No hotel. Slept in the station.

"The 3rd, 4th, and 5th, sang at Nancy among the ambulances, the 6th, sang at Mirecourt, the 7th and 8th at Épinal and Neufchâteau, the country of Jeanne d'Arc."

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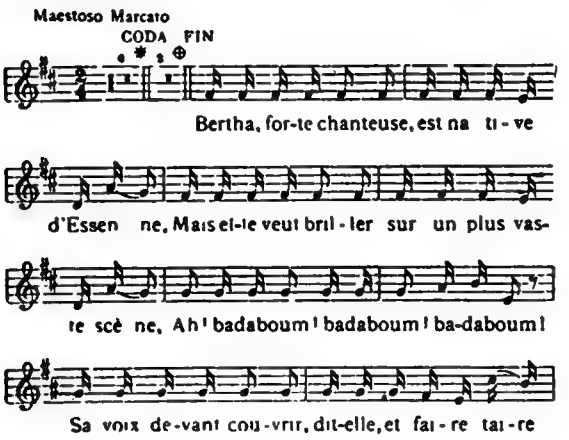
LA GROSSE BERTHA

Car c'est de ce nom que Krupp a, poétiquement, baptisé sa Kolossale pièce de 420.

Sur l'air du « Concierge complaisant » de G Tiercy !

Maestoso Marcato
CODA FIN
Bertha, for-te chanteuse, est na ti-ve
d'Essen ne, Mais el-le veut bril-ler sur un plus vas-
te scè ne, Ah ! badaboum ! badaboum ! ba-daboum !
Sa voix de-vant cou-vrir, dit-elle, et fai-re tai-re

On the 14th of September Botrel sang at Brienne before six or seven hundred cripples and wounded of the station, and the head surgeon writes thus: "Unexpected results of the visit of M. Botrel; the greater part of the cripples wished to go back at once."

"Ce ne sont pas encore les champs de la victoire;
Patience! cela viendra;
Ecoutez les chansons de la Route de Gloire.
Qui, demain, nous y conduira!"

(We have not yet reached the fields of Victory;
Patience! it will come;
Listen to the songs of the path of glory
Which to-morrow will lead us to triumph.)

It is difficult to do justice to the songs and ballads of Botrel, for of course the singing plays a part in their charm. His "Chansons de Route" lose perhaps the most. But it does not take much imagination to picture the gallant "poilus" marching along, singing,

"Les Français, en guerre,
Sont de vrais poilus—
(Chœur) Poilus!
La Patrie est fière
De ses chers Poilus.
(Chœur) Poilus!
Le Boche recule,
Sachant bien qu'ils sont
Costauds comme Hercule
Et comme Samson.

Chœur

V'là les Poilus qui vont sauver la France
V'là les bons Poilus,
Fiers et résolus!
Bravant la mort et narguant la Souffrance
Les temps révolus,
Rien n'arrêtr'a plus
Les Poilus!"

[Frenchmen in war
Are true poilus—
(Chorus) Poilus!
Their Country is proud
Of her dear poilus.
The "Boche" recoils
Knowing well that they are
Powerful like Hercules
And like Samson.

Chorus

[Behold the Poilus who will save France,
Behold the good Poilus,
Proud and resolute!
Braving Death and defying Pain—
Time passes
But nothing will stop
The Poilus.]

Or

"Chantons comme nos Aïeux,
Chantons!
Joyeux et légers comme eux,

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Chantons!
Chantons, légère, légère,
Chantons légèrement!

"Et marchons s'il faut marcher;
Marchons!
Pas relevé, pied léger,
Marchons!
Marchons, légère, légère,
Marchons légèrement!

"S'il y faut tomber, tombons,
Tombons!
En tombant, nous sourierons;
Tombons!
Tombons, légère, légère,
Tombons légèrement!" etc.

[Sing we as our ancestors,
Sing we!
Joyous and gay as they were,
Sing we!
Sing we gaily, lightly,
Sing we carelessly.

[March we, if we must march;
March we!
With lofty step, light of foot,
March we gaily, lightly
March we carelessly.

[If we must fall, die we,
Die we!
And falling, we shall laugh;
Die we!
Fall we lightly, gaily,
Die we carelessly! etc.]

Botrel not only makes the soldiers march for us, but he gives us a picture of them as they fight, as they rest, as they play, in their tenderer moments and in their times of deep feeling. Sometimes he writes in dialect but usually in very simple, direct language. He tells of the boy starting to the war, writing his "adieux" to his "Bonne grand' mère," "Qu' à présent votre petit gâs est à la France." He tells of the "petit paquet" sent by "la bonne patriote," whose tenderness keeps the soldier's heart as well as his body warm.

"Puis, y a des gât'ries;
Des cartes, du tabac;
Des petit's chat'ries;
Bonbons, chocolat.
Et moi qu'aim' la gloire,
J'viens mêm' d'y trouver
Ce gage de victoire;
Un' feuille de laurier—"

[Then there are little luxuries;
Cards and tobacco;
Little sweetmeats;
Bonbons, chocolate.
And for me who loves glory,
I have even found
This gage of victory;
A laurel leaf.]

Botrel is a faithful catholic. One of his heroes is the good priest at the head of his people, fighting for liberty, or answering the soldiers' questions, "How can mass be celebrated in the camp, without organ, without church?"

"'La sainte-table, alors, sergent,
En plein air sera mise?'
'Vive le plein air quand l'All'mand
Bombarde les églises!'

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"'A ce moment chacun, sergent,
S'incline vers la terre?'
'Le front devant Dieu se courbant,
Le r'dress'mieux à la guerre!'"

["Then, Sergeant, the Holy Table,
Will be set out in the open?"
"Since the Germans have bombarded
churches,
The outer air is best."

"At such a time will every one,
Bow down to the ground?"
"The head that stoops before God
Is most erect in war."

He writes of the hospital nurses with a somewhat lighter touch than Kipling in his tragic lines to the nurses of the South African campaign:

"Comme elles sont douces vos mains
Qui nous soignent aux lendemains
De nos tueries. . . .
Et c'est pourquoi tant de nos gâs,
Se croyant revenus, là-bas,
Dans leurs chaumières,
S'endorment en disant, 'Maman,'
Tout en serrant, dévotement,
Vos mains de mères!"

[How gentle are your hands
That care for us the day
After the butchery. . . .
And that is why so many of our boys,
Thinking that they have returned
Home to their cottages,
Go to sleep murmuring "Mother"—
While pressing, with devotion,
Your motherly hands.]

The woes of Belgium, of the French territory now in German hands, are told with great depth of feeling and perfect simplicity. He is full of admiration for the suffering people, for the heroic soldiers:

"Savourez vos premiers succès
Qui vous ont conquis à la ronde
L'amour délirant des Français
Et l'admiration du monde!"

[Cherish your first success
Which won for you everywhere
The frenzied love of the French
And the admiration of the world.]

But there is also a lighter mood, for the wounded to whom Botrel sings must be made to laugh, and the soldier back of the trenches must forget for a while the horrors of war.

"Voila les 'Kakis'
Qui nous ont conquis
Tant ils sont exquis
(Aoh! Yès! Very well!)
Lorsque, bravement,
Flegmatiquement,
Ils cogn'nt sur l' All'mand;
Aoh! Yès! Very well.—"

[Behold the "Kakis"
Who have won us,
They are so exquisite
(Aoh! Yes! Very well!)
When bravely,
Phlegmatically,
They drive on the Germans.]

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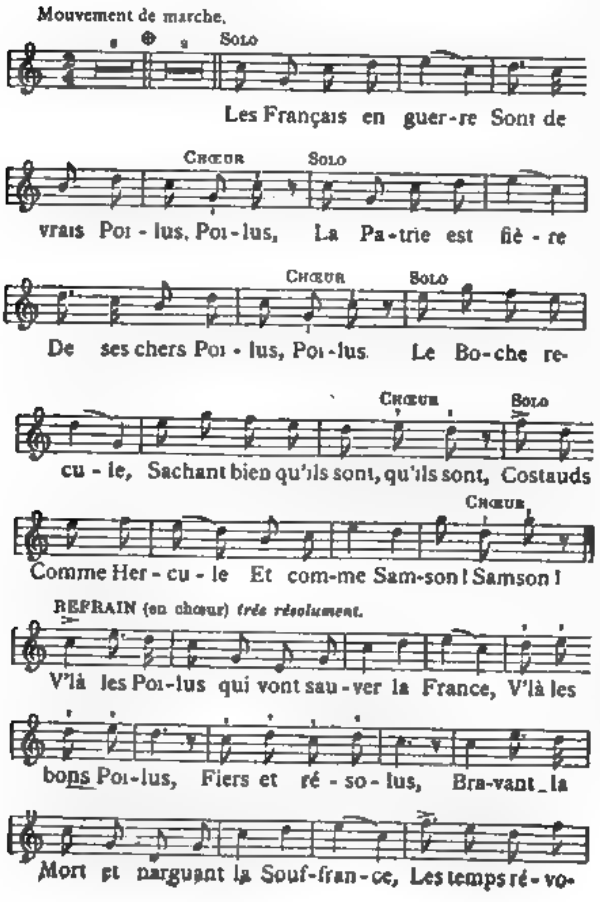
Les boches, the blockhead enemy, are treated humorously as well as sternly.

"Va-t-'en voir les Boches
Si tu ne les as pas vus
Car les temps sont proches
Où n'y en aura plus!"

LA MARCHE DES « POILUS »

Sur l'air des « Ploupious d'Auvergne », d'Antonin Louis

Mouvement de marche.
Solo
Les Français en guer-re Sont de
Chœur
Solo
vrais Poi-lus, Poi-lus, La Pa-trie est fiè-re
Chœur
Solo
De ses chers Poi-lus, Poi-lus. Le Bo-che re-
Chœur
Solo
cu-le, Sachant bien qu'ils sont, qu'ils sont, Costauds
Chœur
Comme Her-cu-le Et com-me Sam-son! Samson!
REFRAIN (en chœur) très résolument.
V'là les Poi-lus qui vont sau-ver la France, V'là les
bons Poi-lus, Fiers et ré-so-lus, Bra-vant la
Mort et narguant la Souf-fran-ce, Les temps ré-vo-

[Go see the Boches
If you have not seen them,
For very soon
There will not be any more.]

"Le Kaiser s'était bien promis
D'être en sept, huit jours à Paris;
Mais il ne l'a pas pu
Grâce au Belge têtu!
Chantons la Kaisériole,
Vive le son, vive le son;
Chantons la Kaisériole,
Vive le son du cannon!"

[The Kaiser promised himself
To be in Paris in seven, eight days,
But he could not
Thanks to obstinate Belgium!
Sing we the "Kaisériole,"
Hurrah for the sound!
Sing we the "Kaisériole"
Hurrah for the sound of the cannon!]

Surely the reader on this side of the water cannot doubt but that such a spirit, the crusader's spirit, will be victorious in the end.

Théodore Botrel has thus not only interpreted his people to themselves, but also to the world.

"The gentleman," says Vance Thompson, in a recent book, "was a product of Latin civilization. . . . The mark of his high qualities was that he treated life (under God) as the blithest, gallantest, and most glorious of all sports. In the adventure of life danger was part of the fun. . . . He learned how to treat life (under God) as a glorious sport. . . . I don't say a gentleman is the noblest work of God; it is not my duty to assign him a place; I do say that the man who fails to share (with Sydney and Rupert Brooke) this view, that life is to be treated as (under God) a gallant adventure, is anything noble you please, but he is not a gentleman, in the plain historic meaning of the word. And so he has come down to us, holding life to be a light thing (a thing to toss away on a sporting chance) in comparison with what the earthbound man holds dear."

Thus as he has lived
The Frenchman dies, singing,
He dies for his country, content,
Singing.

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CROPS AND THE RED CROSS

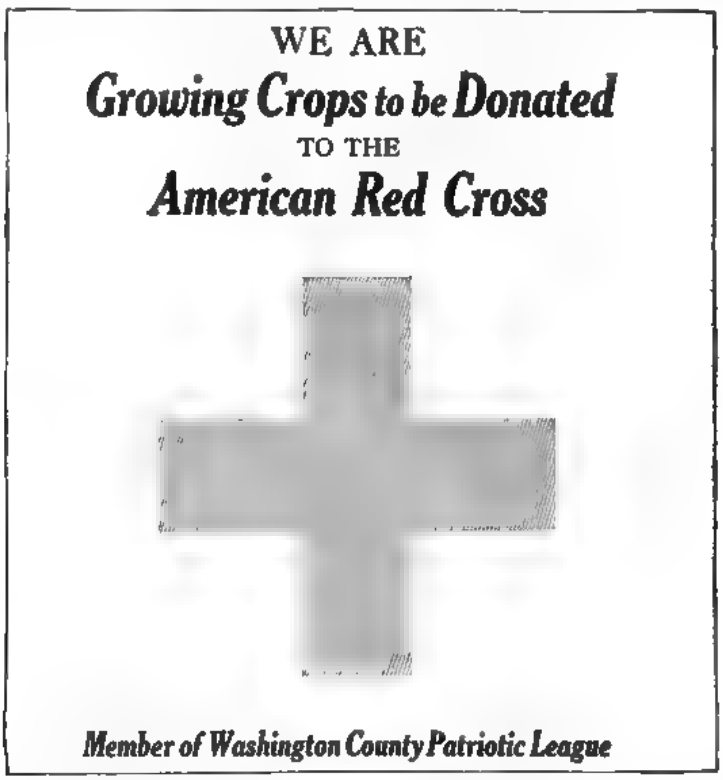
BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

DURING a recent trip through the rich farming country of Eastern Minnesota, I ran across a wonderfully effective plan for arousing deep and continued interest in the Red Cross movement.

The idea originated with W. S. Moscrip, of Washington County, one of the leading Holstein cattle breeders of the State. I found him and his assistants busily at work making their canvass among the people. They were asking no money, but each farmer was requested to sign the following pledge:

"In order to do 'my bit' in the present war, I agree to grow the following crops to be sold on a market day set for the purpose, the proceeds to go to the American Red Cross."



Practically every farmer in the Lake Elmo district signed these pledges, most of them agreeing to contribute the products of one acre of grain or other crops. Some of the smaller farmers signed for half acres. In the fall the products will be sold at auction: and the returns of full acres of wheat, corn, oats or other crops will represent a very high average of contribution for these Minnesota farmers.

Each contributor was furnished with a large card bearing the Red Cross in the centre and these words:

"We are growing crops to be donated to the American Red Cross. Member of Washington County Patriotic League."

These cards I saw posted on the road in front of many farms, giving striking visual evidence of the interest aroused.

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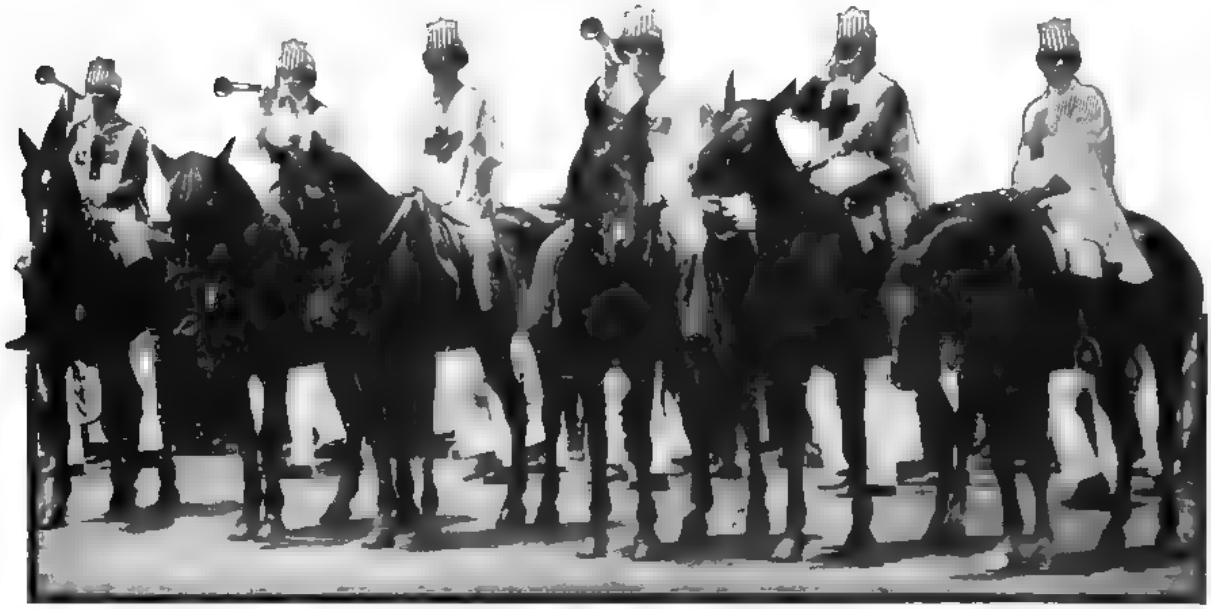
HOW THE $100,000,000 WAS RAISED



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The Origin of the Idea and the Development of the Plan Under Which the Historic Humanitarian Fund Was Made Possible

BY

CHARLES S. WARD
(Secretary of The War Finance Committee)

HERE was the situation: The American people asked to produce two billion dollars for the Liberty Loan; Congress proposing new and heavy war taxation; our soldiers and sailors and doctors and nurses getting ready to go to France; suffering peoples looking to us for relief; our Red Cross facing a duty and a task of greater magnitude than any other that had ever been put up to any humanitarian organization in the world, and the Red Cross badly in need of funds.

Henry P. Davison, of J. P. Morgan & Company, had been made chairman of the War Council. The notable men who surrounded him as councilors had in many ways proved their fitness for the big job the President of the United States had assigned to them. They were just beginning to feel out their colossal undertaking.

Every plan the War Council thought of called for money, and vast sums of it. In the Council's conferences, the amount needed had not even been mentioned. It seemed that the councilors hesitated to express even to one another the enormous sum they felt the work would require. Yet they knew. Those who had the privilege of sitting in some of the councils of this little group of efficient men, accustomed to accomplish seemingly impossible tasks, were from the very first impressed with the fact that things were to be done on a colossal scale. They couldn't. The newspaper correspondents in Washington kept asking, "How much money is the War Council going to raise?" Some asked, "Will it be $25,000,000?"

Mention of the sum first required for the Council's work came out quietly and without any spectacular features in the course of one of the conferences the War Council was constantly holding. (They met at any time day or night. It was almost one continual

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conference). It was in the Governors' room, at the Metropolitan Club, in Washington. The War Council was in one of its night sessions. The hour was approaching midnight. The question was whether the fund should be raised immediately or next fall. On that point there had been a great deal of discussion, to which Chairman Davison had listened attentively. When it lulled, Mr. Davison said, "Gentlemen, my ideas are very clear on that point. I'd rather raise a hundred million dollars now than two hundred million next fall."

The golden goal which the Chairman had set so calmly had not caused a ripple of excitement or a stir on the countenances of the councilors. It was a big business matter being handled by big business men and one almost got the impression that the $100,000,000 was a detail of the big plan.

The other members of the War Council were not slow to see the spirit behind the raising of the sum.

Then, as the Chairman explained his ideas, one began to perceive his point of view. It was not alone the $100,000,000 that *had* to be raised. It was the spirit of giving and of sacrifice that the campaign for the "humanity dollars" would rouse throughout the country. That would be even more, maintained Mr. Davison, than the hundred million itself.

OBSTACLES IN THE WAY

But the decision to start raising the big sum at once was met by more than one serious obstacle. It was then May. In the month of July, it would be growing hot and the people would be going away on their vacations. Time seemed lacking to build such a vast organization as the raising of the fund would require and then, greatest of all obstacles, there was—The Liberty Loan.

The Liberty Loan must not be interfered with. That was settled in the minds of the War Council. "If it should become necessary," said Mr. Davison, with calm determination "we must all take our coats off and go out and work for the Liberty Loan exclusively. That must be a success."

To this all the councilors readily assented. But that did not get the Liberty Loan out of the way. The bond offering was to close June 15th. The Red Cross campaign could not be started until after that date. So, after much careful planning, it was decided to proclaim the days from June 18th to 25th, inclusive,—Monday to Monday—as "Red Cross Week" and to try to raise the hundred million during those days. This meant every preceding hour meanwhile must be utilized.

A MILITARY CAMPAIGN

From that moment the campaign assumed the character of a military operation. There was nothing too big to attempt if the doing of it would help; there was nothing too small if the doing of it was worth while. Distance meant nothing if a man wanted was needed in Washington. The long distance telephone carried the spoken word to acknowledged leaders the country over and the railroads rushed them to Washington. It was never a question of how far away they were or how difficult anything was. The only question was "is it worth while?" If it was, it was done.

The man who had been chosen to head the Executive Committee for the campaign was Seward Prosser, the President of the Bankers' Trust Company. His enthusiastic leadership was the one thing needed to put vigorous life into the campaign throughout the country, especially in New York, where Cornelius N. Bliss, Jr., of the War Council, aided him greatly and helped him to secure twenty of the leading business men and ten of the most influential women as team captains.

The influence of the leadership of these prominent New York men at the beginning of the campaign had much to do with the enlistment of other leading men all over the country. The initial gift of one million dollars by Cleveland Dodge, set the standard for the large giving, which was felt throughout the campaign and helped to raise New York's great total, which was one-third of the entire fund raised.

With little time ahead of it, the Finance Committee had to work fast. First, some 450 leading men throughout the country were invited to Washington to be told of the campaign plans. The meeting, arranged as a meeting of instruction, developed into a enthusiastic, patriotic assemblage.

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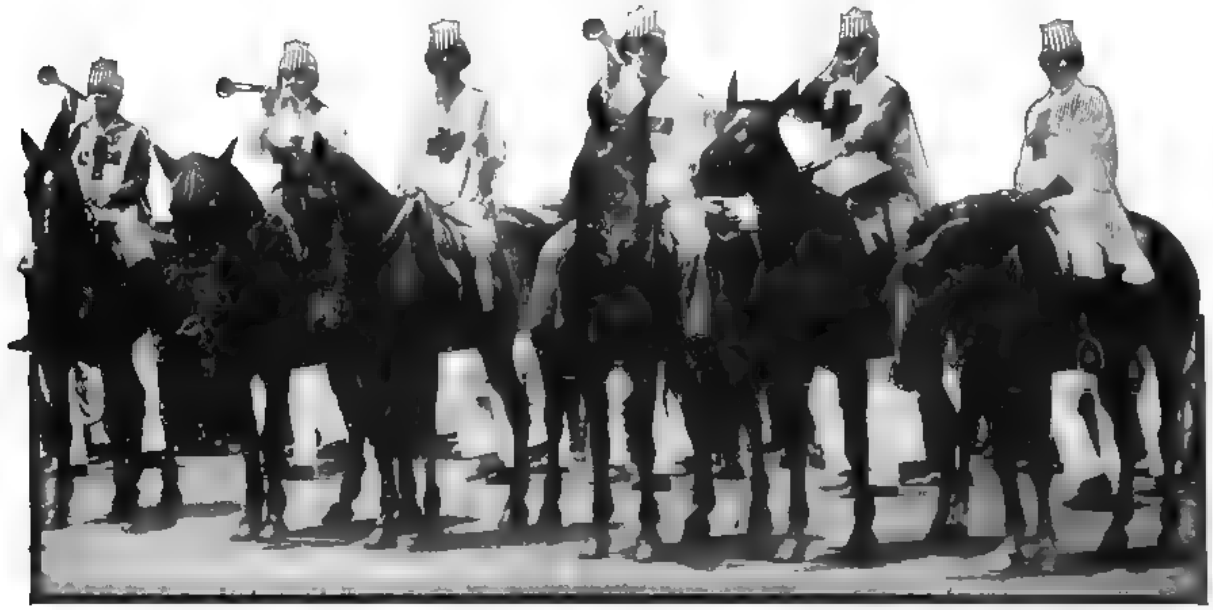

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There was then just one month to a day to the date set for the $100,000,000 to become an accomplished fact. There was a colossal work to be done. Harvey J. Hill was placed in charge of the Washington office where his ability and enthusiasm had full scope. A group of men skilled in financial matters, most of whom were secretaries of the Y. M. C. A, loaned to the Red Cross for this special work, was sent out over the country to organize the leading cities for the campaign. The country was divided into five divisions, each with a divisional director in charge. Under the directors, were 114 field agents and then an office force that grew to more than 300 members as the work advanced.

Next, the whole country must be organized. The people, through publicity, must be acquainted with the needs for the big fund. Wires and letters were already coming in, asking "What is the War Council?" "Why the $100,000,000?" "What is going to be done with the money?" These had to be answered. Soon it was evident that the country was awakening and shaking itself for the big drive. The competing local team leaders, on whom was put the responsibility for getting the money, began to demand ammunition. They wanted everything—booklets, pamphlets, posters, advertising copy, placards, street-car signs, banners, slogans for electric signs, pictures for lantern slides, material for sermons and lectures, newspaper features, and advice, more advice and still more advice. The men who had been to Washington no sooner reached home before they began to make the wires hum with requests for this, that, and everything.

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Public interest was aroused before the start of the drive.

Campaign arrangements grew by leaps and bounds. Every day saw new faces in responsible positions at the War Council's headquarters. Big delivery vans were constantly backing up to the Y. M. C. A. Building, in G Street, and unloading shiny oak desks, file cases, typewriters, mimeographs, etc. Soon the mail was delivered in United States automobiles. The telegraph companies established a regular service to and from headquarters. Men left important positions and came and volunteered their services "for nothing." "There's your desk," was the usual answer, "and here's your job. Get busy."

Photograph by Brown Bros.

THE $100,000,000 BARREL

An ingenious scheme used in New York City to show the progress made in collecting the fund The street at which the barrel rested represented the millions collected to date

ORGANIZATION FOR SERVICE

But with all the organization, of which there was much, there was nothing intended to squeeze money out of any unwilling "prospect" or to trick any one into giving who did not wish to give. The purpose of the organization was to serve the people by acquainting them with the fact that the Red Cross needed a dollar apiece from every man, woman, and child that make up our more than 100,000,000 population. The organization supplied system and uniformity to the giving.

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Photograph by Brown Bros.

MR. HENRY P. DAVISON

The Head of the War Council who enlisted the foremost men throughout the United States to aid in obtaining the immense sum of $100,000,000 in one week for carrying on the work of the Red Cross during the war

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Photograph by Brown Bros.

THE LARGEST RED CROSS FLAG

Displayed at one of the busiest corners of the world, Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, New York

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MISS KATHERINE STINSON
Buffalo added a unique touch by sending its contribution in an airplane, piloted by Miss Stinson, to Secretary Mc Adoo

Anticipating a generous response from the people, the managers of the campaign felt that they should provide every possible assistance to the leaders, men and women in the cities and states, who, at personal sacrifice, had volunteered to give at least a week to the Red Cross. With all their organization, the headquarters managers admit that the success of the campaign is due to these local leaders, the value of whose time and influence toward the big fund cannot possibly be estimated.

THE PLAN

The general scheme for the big cities called for one general leader and under him leaders of ten teams of ten men each. Numbered among these leaders were men whose names are prominent not only locally but throughout the country.

The teams in the several states got off at the crack of the starter's pistol and dashed through the first laps of a day each with big returns. Then came the dogged stretch of the middle days' campaign when they went on sheer nerve, with the divisional directors constantly urging them on, and then to the final spurt across the tape.

The campaign brought out some strange incidents. Of course, rivalry was expected among the teams, but keen contests developed among cities and then spread to sections.

"Wire us what Cincinnati is doing," telegraphed the managers in St. Louis, Cincinnati's old time rival in baseball and business.

"Are we keeping up with Detroit?" wired Minneapolis.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CAMPAIGN

The spirit was the spectacular thing about the campaign. "We have raised our allotment already," was the tenor of scores of telegrams, as cities saw that they could go beyond the amount the War Council had set for them to raise. Wilmington, Del., "The War-Bride City," was first allotted $200,000. Wilmington raised $500,000 and then set the mark at $1,000,000 and went beyond that. This was without counting the three-quarters of a million which the Dupont Powder Company declared in dividends for the war fund.

"It was fun," said a Wilmington millionaire, proud of the chance to give.

Indianapolis, had been allotted the task of raising $300,000. She went over the mark by more than $200,000.

At Baltimore, $447,000 was raised at a single meeting. In New Mexico, the Elks ran the campaign, devising many novel money-raising schemes. Corporations declared Red Cross dividends to the extent of $20,000,000. Washerwomen gave a day's work. A Middletown, Ohio, woman, Mary Soitko, a Slav, gave a hen and a dozen eggs, which, at auction, brought $2,002. The hen

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PHILADELPHIA STAGES A PAGEANT

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To stimulate giving, the City of Brotherly Love staged a tremendous pageant which was responsible for the city's bettering its allotment of $3,000,000 by more than $100,000

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THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS

Throughout the week the teams met together daily at luncheon to report progress. Huge charts showed graphically the growth of each team's contribution

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sold for $400. The eggs were displayed in jewelry store windows and kept in steel safety vaults at night. They are keeping both hen and eggs for the next drive.

A descendant of Betsy Ross, at Newark, N. J., made a flag which brought $500. The Countess de Turczynowicz, whose castle in Poland General von Hindenburg occupied, making a stable of the drawing-room, told her story at a meeting in Montclair, N. J., and $102,000 was raised.

Thousands of working men gave many days pay. There were parades, dinners, luncheons, inspirational meetings.

One morning when a director of the campaign came to his desk, at headquarters, he found fifty cents in silver and a telegraph blank, on which was scrawled, "To the Red Cross from a Messenger Boy." The little worker had left it there in the night.

A cold but wealthy individual, with a reputation for close-fistedness, appeared at a Red Cross meeting and gave many thousands of do lars and then, warmed up by his gift, shook hands with everybody in reach, because he felt so good.

Many cities would not stop at the date set for the end of the campaign and some campaigns are still going on. Other cities have written that they want to "do it all over again."

The whole amount raised was, in round numbers, $120,000,000. At least one-half the cities exceeded their allotments.

(*The accounts of the American Red Cross are audited by the War Department of the United States Government, and a detailed statement of all expenditures including the disposal of the $100,000,000 will be made to the public. The executive officers of the Red Cross are keenly conscious of their responsibility to the people; their responsibility for the huge funds which American generosity has placed under their trusteeship; and their responsibility for the relief work which these funds are to support. The unvarying policy will be to give the fullest publicity to all affairs pertaining to the disposition of Red Cross money in all campaigns for funds.*—THE EDITORS)

CINCINNATI'S CROSS

Erected in a public square and built piece by piece as contributions came pouring in to reach the city's $1,000,000 allotment

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THE MAN BEHIND THE CAMPAIGN

Charles S. Ward the Organizer of the Drive for the $100,000,000 Red Cross War Fund Who has Raised More Money for Philanthropic Purposes Than Any Other Man

BY

DALE CARNAGEY

ACCORDING to Mr. Gerard, Germany cannot be starved, her military resources are astounding, but her weak spot is finance. If this is true, Germany needs the assistance of Charles S. Ward. This little blue-eyed Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association has raised more money for philanthropic purposes than any other man living; yet he does not impress one as having the iron that you would expect in a man who has engineered scores of big financial drives in the last decade and raised thirty million dollars. I never saw him run his fingers through his hair or pound the table. Probably if you met him on the street you would never dream that you were passing the man that the Red Cross chose as the Secretary of the committee when they wanted to raise $100,000,000 in a week.

In your city there is a Y. M. C. A building where no doubt you or your boy probably visit in the evening to bowl, swim, attend an educational class, listen to a glee club, or a debating society. The chances are that C. S. Ward headed the campaign for the erection of that building. Frank Vanderlip, the President of the National City Bank and one of the foremost leaders of finance in the country, recently said: "A man counting on his fingers may evolve enough mathematics to carry him through the needs of a simple life." If this is true a man would have to use the fingers and thumbs on both hands and count them three times if he wanted to number the millions that C. S. Ward has raised for Y. M. C. A. buildings in the last ten years. There they stand—hundreds of these buildings—a fitting memorial to the democratic money-raiser of New York.

But this provider-of-finances-for-the Y. M. C. A. has not always raised money with the swiftness and celerity he now displays. About thirty years ago Dartmouth College handed young Ward a diploma certifying that he had completed his four years' work there. Looking around for an activity in which he could render the finest piece of human service, he selected the Y. M. C. A. He was assigned to New Britain, Conn., and started out to get money to erect the second Association building in New England. His campaign lasted more than a year: six months were consumed in raising the first half of twelve thousand dollars. Between 1897 and 1907 he was in the Northwest trying to redeem bankrupt Y. M. C. A.'s.

Mr. Ward has put much of this efficacy and action into the raising of millions. About a decade ago he was sent to Washington, D. C., to raise money for the local association. The campaign when he arrived was already ancient—it had been born four years previously. The intensive campaign plan was hit upon, and the whole affair was wiped off the slate in thirty days. The greatest plan for raising money for philanthropic purposes that had ever been known drew its first breath at that time. Thirty days seemed an incredibly short time for the raising of a large sum of money. The record was heralded as a big achievement. Yet the plan has been so perfected now that the maximum amount of time that Charles Sumner Ward asks for in raising a million dollars is eight or ten days.

Last year he was sent to manage a campaign for five hundred thousand in Minneapolis. A million was needed sorely but it would be impossible, so the local leaders thought, to get such a sum from Minneapolis in so short a time. But Ward

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has a stupendous amount of human faith and optimism. If the situation called for a million, why not go after it—that was his philosophy. Kipling tells of the fool raw recruits that stormed a redoubt and won a battle while the older and more experienced soldiers held back. Mr. Ward injected the spirit of those raw recruits into the Minneapolis campaign, and on the eighth day he and his coadjutors had rounded up $1,152,500. Last November in Columbus his campaign produced fifty thousand more than half a million, and the highest single subscription received was ten thousand.

Mr. Ward, in the midst of the financial depression experienced at the outbreak of hostilities three years ago, raised four millions a fortnight for the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations of New York. He is now turning up about seven million dollars for Association buildings annually.

Mr. Ward's fame as a money magician has spread far. A dozen committees a week get off at the Twenty-Eighth Street subway station, and drift into his headquarters at the International Y. M. C. A. building, asking for advice on how to raise money for all sorts of projects—newsboy homes, hospitals, churches, orphan asylums, settlements, Leagues to Enforce Peace, chambers of commerce, universities, and woman's suffrage societies. People of all creeds and colors visit this alchemist of finance: his advice has helped many a negro community in the South to have its Y. M. C. A. Father Edward F. Garesche, S. J., Editor of *The Queen's Work*, came to Mr. Ward for suggestions on raising funds for the Catholic Y. M. A. He recently gave half a day to advising the National Convention of the Young Men's Hebrew Association and Kindred Societies. Mr. Jacob H. Schiff and Mr. Julius Rosenwald have asked him to assist them in raising ten millions for the Jewish Relief Fund. When his questioners depart Charles S. Ward has derived pleasure, and they have derived efficiency.

His help is sought by people with all sorts of schemes: one man impressed with the waste of having half a dozen wagons deliver milk in his apartment house, desired Mr. Ward to help him raise one hundred million dollars for coördinating the delivery of supplies in New York. A Delaware correspondent wanted Ward to knock off a couple of days, and run in a few millions to reclaim the marsh lands of his state. A Seattle woman whose husband had deserted her pleaded for just fifty dollars to come East.

Raising large sums of money in an incredibly short time requires highly developed and extremely skilled ability. In this field Mr. Ward has no equals and few competitors. The remuneration usually paid to the few professional money-raisers in the field is 5 per cent. of the amount taken in. If Charles Sumner Ward were working for the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. on that kind of a basis, he would be drawing about a third of a million annually. It is not a lack of opportunity that keeps him from having that sort of an income. He was recently asked to raise two million dollars on a five per cent. commission basis. This job requiring six weeks' time would have paid him a hundred thousand dollars. This offer is not unusual: many such come to him every year, but he turns them all down to raise money for Association buildings while he lives on a small salary. His employees loaned him for the Red Cross fund for a week much in the same way Belasco and Frohman loan stars; however, in this instance the headliner was loaned without charge, and about seventy-five Y. M. C. A. secretaries joined his cast and served for the run of the production without pay.

THE REWARD FOR HIS WORK NOT PECUNIARY

His small salary is his sole source of income, but it is not the chief compensation received for his work. William Winter in his "Shadows of the Stage" says "Self-expression is the dominant necessity of human nature." Mr. Ward finds in his work a wonderful avenue for self-expression. I heard him say once: "I would quit this job in a minute, if I thought I were campaigning only for millions. It is not raising money that appeals to me; it is raising men. I have seen these campaigns transform the character of men and communities." Here, Mr. Ward handed me this editorial from the Toronto *Globe*, May 12th, 1910, commenting on the results of Mr. Ward's campaign there for $800,000:

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It will be a great thing, a very great thing, to have such buildings as are planned. But it will be a far greater thing, a thing of far wider influence, to have had a whole generation of men under mid-life stirred to enthusiastic and self-sacrificing effort in a great public cause. (The most Christian thing in this whole campaign is not the thing done, but the spirit of the doing of it. Never before was the life of Toronto, in its counting houses and shops and places of business, so widely and so genuinely touched by the true spirit of service as in this undertaking.) . . .

It is indeed a great thing to provide funds for buildings and equipment, but the reheartening of our civic life, the giving to many men a taste of the joy of service, and the rekindling of the fire in others who long ago had grown weary in well-doing, means even greater things for Toronto and for Canadian life. . . . It marks a new era in Toronto's history.'

Mr. Ward, conducting a campaign at Miami, Fla., discovered there an eminent merchant from Cincinnati who had helped him out in one of his Ohio financial programs. This man, induced by Mr. Ward to tell the story of the Cincinnati campaign, related how his coöperation had affected him: "When I saw Mr. Ward and one of his cohorts coming into my store, I said to myself, 'I'm in for another touch.' They wanted a good deal more than my money; they wanted my time. I told them that it was absolutely impossible for me to neglect my business to assist them. Mr. Ward said I would not have to neglect my business. I didn't. I *abandoned* it. That was the best thing that ever happened to my store. Augustus Saint Gaudens, the famous American sculptor, once surprised his students with this remark: 'I am going to invent a machine that will automatically pull you fifteen feet away from your work every half hour. The only way you can ever expect to do big, successful work is to step away from it frequently, and see what you are doing.' I was pulled away from my business, and secured a fresh outlook on it. During the campaign I delegated authority to my business subordinates and developed them. I found that I had been utterly swamping myself with detail that others could very well attend to. This is the first time in fifteen years that I have been able to leave my business for a vacation. I couldn't have done it now if it hadn't been for the Ward Y. M. C. A. campaign."

The Ward campaign leaves its mark on every city that he visits: "The campaign in Montreal," Mr. Ward hooked his hands behind his head, leaned back in his chair, and continued to reminisce, "was followed by a series of campaigns culminating in a million and a half in one week for McGill University, and a larger sum for war relief.

"Toronto, after raising $800,000 in two weeks for its Associations, continued to pour out money for various missionary and benevolent enterprises until, under the leadership of Association workers, a million dollars was raised in four days for a war relief fund.

"The workers organized to raise money for the Association buildings in Ottawa, Montreal, and Toronto have been conducting war relief campaigns there at the rate of one every ten months since the war began. The first drives were for a million; the last for four millions. Canada has raised $33,000,000 for patriotic funds since the Kaiser's military machine opened fire on civilization.

"Cleveland had a series of campaigns aggregating $4,000,000 in four years; Pittsburgh two separate Association building campaigns equally successful, two hospital campaigns, then a $2,000,000 campaign for the University of Pittsburgh."

The Richmond, Va., Chamber of Commerce had been trying for months to raise $30,000, when Mr. Ward proposed to raise $200,000 in fifteen days. After attending to the little fifth-of-a-million donation for the Y. M. C. A., his cohorts wheeled round and raised the $30,000 for the Chamber of Commerce, $60,000 for the Confederate Veterans, $100,000 for Richmond College, and then organized themselves into a permanent club.

Incidentally Ward has secured more free newspaper space during the last decade than any one else. Any reporter will tell you that the amount of space given to an incident depends to a large extent on the importance of the other news items of the day. When Mr. Ward was directing a week's drive on Minneapolis for a million dollars, the following news events were unable to crowd him from the front page of the Minneapolis papers: the North Sea Jutland battle, the Republican National Convention, the death of the President of China, Lord Kitchener, and James J. Hill. Three million dollars' worth of newspaper publicity has been given gratis to Mr. Ward's campaigns. The most widely circulated newspaper in the world gave him three columns a day.

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comes, as it may come at any moment now, you may be afraid, but you are not to show it. Women and children first. Don't stalk about ostentatiously in khaki, for in case you take to the boats, you are more apt to be shot by the enemy. When we land don't hang about Bordeaux; get right on to Paris, for the fellows who get there will be so much ahead of the rest." Young America, indeed!

After he had finished the twenty gravely exchanged the addresses of their families with each other.

I have said that the routine of the ship goes on as usual. Hence, a suggestion for a concert is welcomed by the officers. "Have a concert?" Why, of course.

The ambulance men throw themselves into preparations and performance with their usual zeal. At the raffle which precedes it one of the Harvard men acts as auctioneer so well that he sells a fifteen cent shaving brush for twenty-five dollars. More than a thousand dollars is collected, a hundred of which go to two children who are brought up from the steerage, aged nine and six. Dressed in white with huge cockades of tricolor they sit on the stage and draw the numbers of the lottery while the father, a French poilu, who was allowed to go to his Canadian home where his wife had died during the war and bring back his children, looks on, proud of their little girlish graces.

Beside the French flags, the stage is decorated with the two magnificent flags sent to the California unit and the quartette of that unit makes one of the hits of the programme.

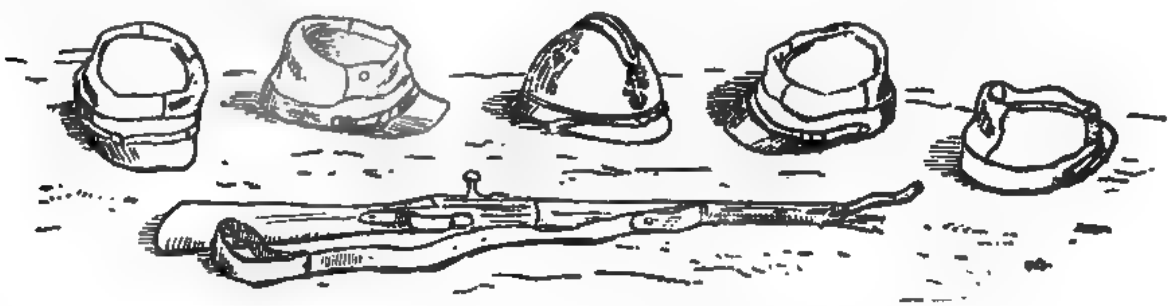
When the national hymns of America and France are sung I am sure we are all glad that we are not in the Zone and within hearing distance of submarines, for the sound is great enough to wake the sleepers in the caverns of the vast deep.

Just as we approach that latitude and longitude of the Zone I have an interview with the Captain who was in charge of *La Provence* before it was taken over by his government for a transport, following which it was lost. His record since the war has been a remarkable one: "Not a threat and only twice have we heard the S. O. S. call."

His composure during the trip does much to calm any nervous apprehensions. He is quiet, unostentatious, as self-possessed as if a war zone had never been heard of, and above all, he is enthusiastic about "Our Boys." One word he uses several times to describe them as they seem to him. They are "*sage, très sage*"—that is wise. "They know what they are about. I like that in them." He seems never weary of watching them from the bridge, at drills, at exercises, and at games among themselves and with the French soldiers.

It is only a little while after leaving Captain Bourdeaux's vantage point, when the whole shipload rises or stops the various occupations in which it is engaged and rushes to the leeward side. Something is coming and it is days since we have seen anything animate on the ocean expanse. As it nears us, it resolves itself into a lead-colored mass, in size and build something like a racing yacht. Men in the cross bows wigwag frantically and on the bridge, where I stood lately, one of our sailors responds to the signals with flags which he puts through a swift manual. What is surprising about our visitor is the way it "bobs" up and down on the waves exactly like a cork would in a rough sea.

This is a torpedo boat destroyer, and under its convoy, we move quickly into the harbor of Bordeaux and never did a searchlight, never did the white lights picking out the mine lane, never did the presence of other ships seem more significant and assuring.



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AN ARTIST AT WAR

J. F. Bouchor, the French Artist, Whose Paintings of the Army of France Tell a Vivid Story of the Daily Life of the Poilu in His Struggle For Democracy

BY
JEAN RICHEPIN
(Of the French Academy)

(The following paintings are reproduced from "L'Illustration" and a collection of the artist's works, published under the title of "Souvenirs de la Grande Guerre," by Ed. Mignot, San Michel, Paris. The text is a translation from the introduction to this volume.—THE EDITORS.)

HOWEVER beautiful, however pleasant and however consoling the dream of universal brotherhood among nations may be, nevertheless it remains, alas! but a dream. We have been too rudely awakened not to realize this to its full extent. We see it only too clearly in the lurid light of the catastrophic days in which we live. The most fervent humanitarians, the most convinced pacifists, are themselves forced to agree that this is the case, at least for our poor epoch and until some new dispensation shall prevail. It is to be regretted that their latest disillusionment should not leave them a little of that good humor so natural among us. Otherwise they might not fail to soften their disenchantment by singing the Tommies' refrain which they would have taken as their motto:—

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary
It's a long way to go."

Oh yes, the route toward this "Tipperary" of their chimerical paradise is long, indeed, and it will take much time to reach even the place where we can descry as much as the threshold which they said was to be in sight to-morrow!

And in the meantime here are the old war conditions come back, more painful, more bloody than formerly, and never has humanity in its progress seen any like these, either in horror, or in heroic grandeur or, let us have the courage to proclaim it boldly, in beauty.

For, if universal peace is a beautiful dream, war against the unjust, infamous invader, violating all rights and all law, the war that we are waging to-day and which is nothing less than war upon war itself, is a reality still more beautiful than the most beautiful dreams. And that is why we must perpetuate the memory of such war, bravely, loyally, without seeking to magnify it by a lyricism which it does not need, without wishing to transpose the expression of it by useless artifices, but by preserving its pure and simple reality, more expressive than any interpretation.

It is, I believe, with this straightforward sentiment and with this desire of accuracy that historians and even poets should write not only the annals of this struggle but even its legends, which are often truer than truth for him who can see, regard life, and watch it fixedly. I am speaking of life as intense, as sublime, as miraculous as that in which we all are at the same time the actors and the spectators. It is with this same sentiment and this same desire that the painters will have to paint this life and this war. To do it well, they will have to give us both its outward appearance and its soul, and both of these must be true likenesses.

J. F. Bouchor, the well known French artist, has given us a beautiful and fine picture of the war. Without losing any of his characteristic qualities; that simplicity, elegance, *finesse* of tone and solidity of drawing which goes far to make him a sort of modern Clouet, he has succeeded in taking on new qualities through the deep impressions which here were forced upon him and through the depth of his emotions which responded thereto.

Think for a moment of all that he has participated in, all that he has seen, contemplated, studied, and transposed at first

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hand! He has known the life of the trenches, so thrilling with its perpetual danger. He was present during intense bombardments, amid the bursting of the "grenades" and "the bombs," those frightful engines of destruction cast by trench mortars and mine-throwers. He was permitted to be present at the commanding post during artillery duels, with their deluge of heavy shells. He has seen a flag taken from the enemy and presented to the troops. He has watched one of our aviators framed in the black puffs of bursting shell. He has worked amid the ruins of Rheims, of Gerbéviller, and in wrecked villages. He has lived in the passes of the Vosges and on their peaks with our Alpine troops during the blizzards. He has even experienced the joy of setting his foot on the land of Alsace.

All this has taken place before his painter's eyes, it has thrilled his artistic sensibilities and has sent its reverberations into his brain and his heart. How could he do otherwise than repaint something which will interest your eyes, thrill your sensibilities, your brain and your heart also?

And why should I continue? I seem to be reciting pæans of praise in a catalogue. But I could repeat such refrains without tiring, joyfully and with full heart, for days and days! For in short, in repeating them I would experience the sweet pleasure of praising a dear friend and of paying affectionate homage to a noble artist, and a sincere and excellent worker, possessed with a passion for truth, for life, and emotional force.

It is to our brave poilus and to their glory that I seem to be singing not old refrains merely, but far more, the verses of a *Magnificat* of which they are worthy—our brave troops, our poilus, our heroes, our miracle workers, through whom war once more appears to us as beautiful, blessed, and sublime, since they are waging in it a good cause, and since they are our children.

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MARSHAL JOSEPH JOFFRE

The idol of the French nation and the hero of the battle of the Marne, where he checked the German advance and saved the nation

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FRANCE'S ANCIENT ENEMY NOW HER FIRM ALLY—THE BRITISH

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THE CHASSEURS ALPINS RETAIN THEIR CHEERFUL SPIRITS DESPITE THEIR WOUNDS

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"IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY"

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THE LAST FAREWELL

The poilu pays homage to the spirit of his comrades gone before

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A SISTER OF MERCY

Sister Julie wearing the decoration conferred on her by President Poincaré for exceptional bravery during the bombardment of Gerbéviller

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THE OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE

The Senegal troops, from one of France's furthermost colonies, have proved themselves fearless in battle

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From a Portrait by Georges Scott in "l 'Illustration"

THE POILU

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HONOR TO THE BRAVE: THE MILITARY COMMANDER OF [illegible]

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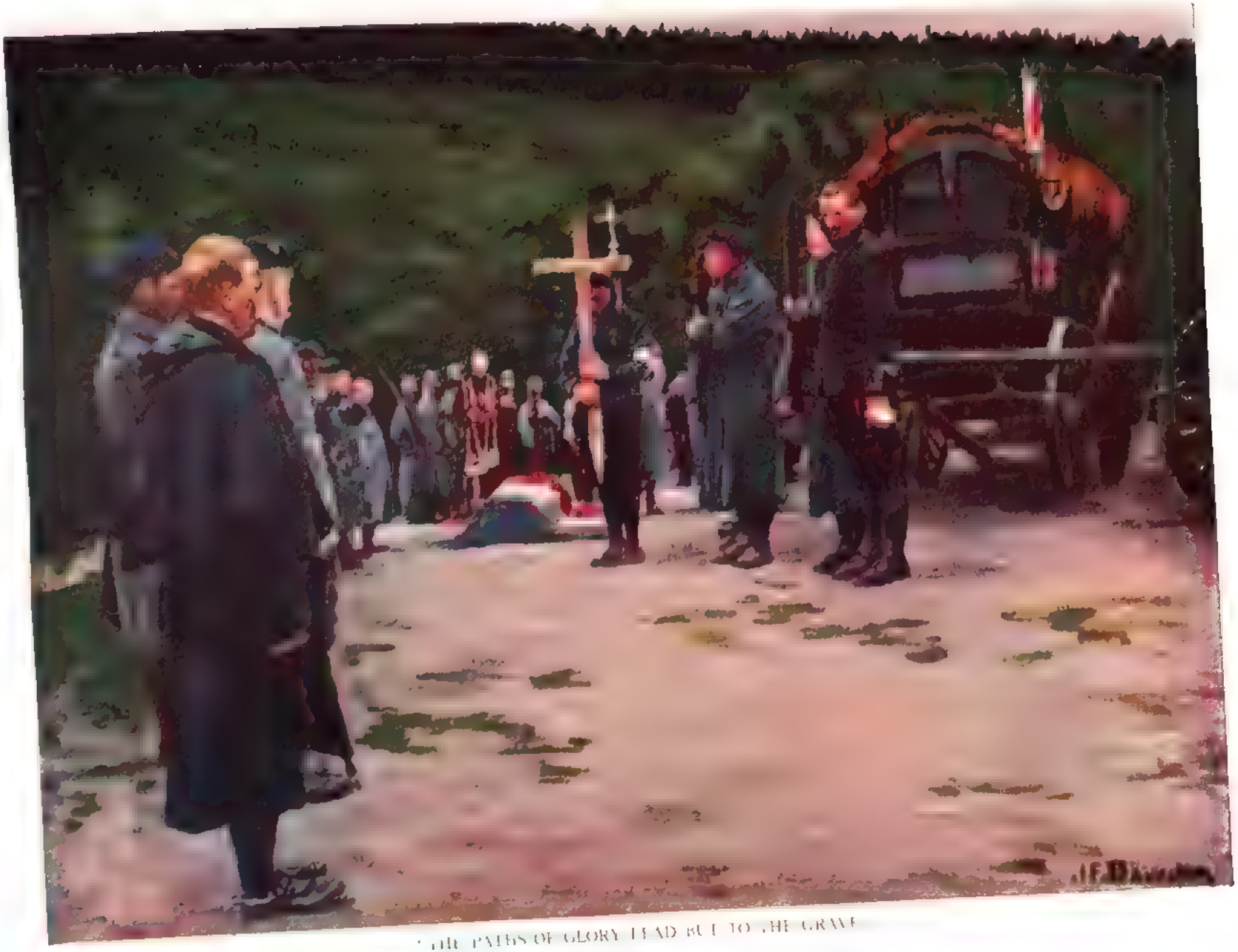

"THE PATHS OF GLORY LEAD BUT TO THE GRAVE"

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From a painting by François Flameng in "L'Illustration"

ON GUARD IN ALSACE

The poilu stands guard over that part of Alsace wrested from the Germans by the French

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CHASSEURS ALPINS
Nicknamed "The Blue Devils"

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FRANCE'S COLONIES SHARE HER BURDEN
An Arab Chieftain fighting with the French armies

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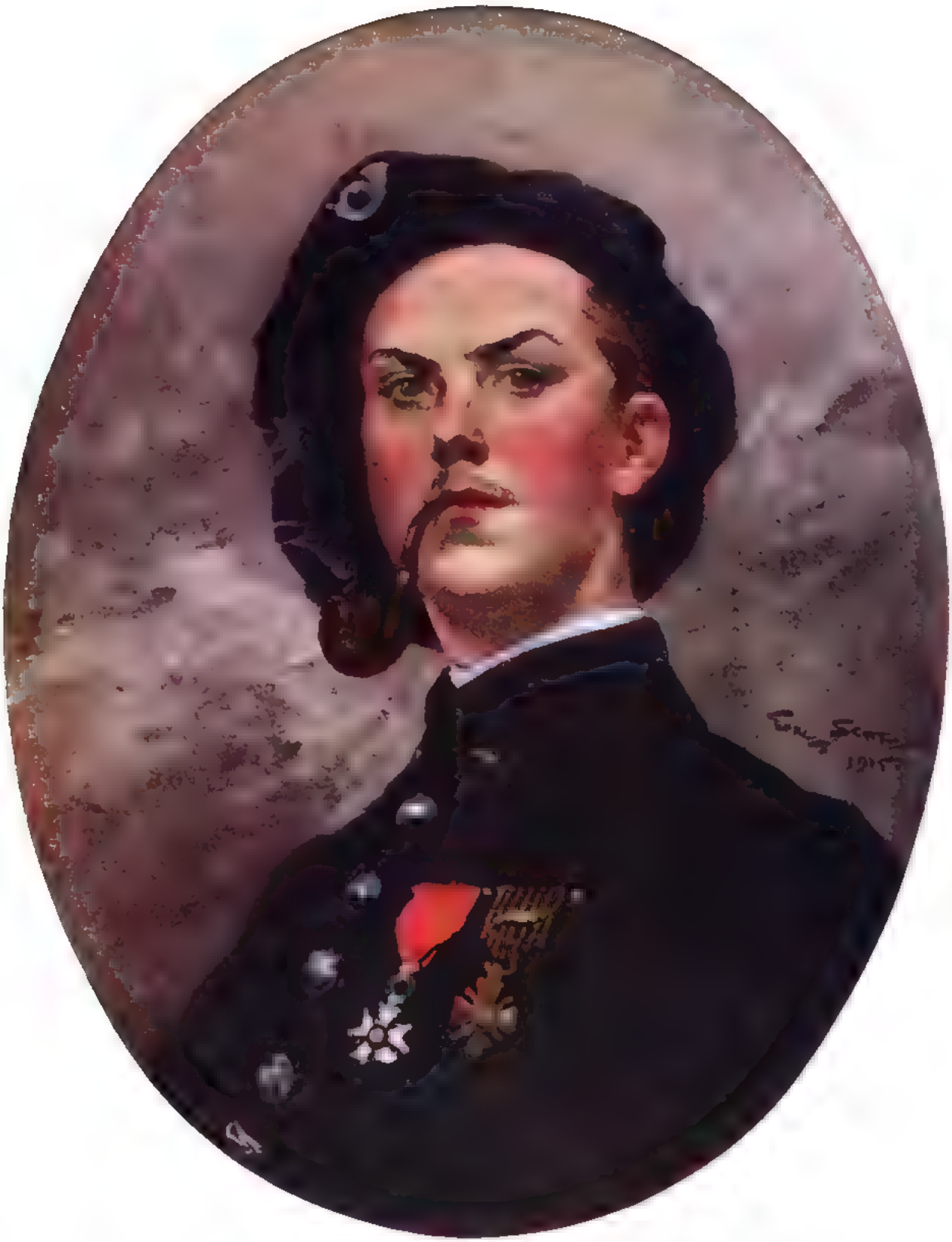

From a painting by Georges Scott in "L'Illustration"

A CHASSEUR ALPIN

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PORTRAIT OF A FRENCH NURSE

The girlhood of the Nation plays an important rôle in restoring shattered humanity

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From a painting by Georges Scott in "L'Illustration"

REUNION

After an exile of forty years, the spirit of France overthrows the German boundaries and enters the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine

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A CHAPLAIN IN THE GREAT WAR

The Experiences of a Young French Priest Who, at the Outbreak of the War, Left His Quiet Parish Post to Lend His Services on the Battlefield

BY

THE ABBÉ PATRIC FLYNN

I HAVE been at the front, I come from the front and, when I say the front, I do not mean ten, or fifteen miles back from the front, in large cities. I mean the first line trenches. I have been in the trenches almost two years, only a few hundred yards from the German lines, in first aid stations. I was at Verdun for five or six months, and five or six months at Verdun is a very long time. You can hardly imagine how long even a week is at Verdun. When we were called, I remember the Staff Officer told us, "Leave your horses, your baggage, behind. You cannot stay more than twenty-one days at the most. So come just as you are." We came just as we were, and we stayed five or six months. And it was certainly hard, but I am glad to have been there.

Before going to Verdun I was stationed at Arras six or seven months—Arras with its beautiful Cathedral falling to pieces! When we walked through the aisles—or what once were aisles—of the Cathedral we were always afraid lest some huge stone would become dislodged and fall upon our heads and crush us. One can pick up fragments of stained glass all over. I wanted to keep some relic of the Cathedral so I took a very small souvenir. It was but a piece of paper, black with smoke and fire, that I gathered in the vestry—a remnant of the Baptismal Service. The torch was applied to all the books; they are now in dust and cinders. The belfry, too, has fallen to the ground.

But indeed when I came to Verdun I saw much worse. Verdun was terrible, not only on account of the roaring of cannon all day long and all through the night, but on ac-

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A FIELD MASS

Each priest carries with him on active service a little wooden box measuring 18 x 12 x 12 inches, in which is contained all the vessels and vestments for celebrating the mass

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Photograph from "L. Illustration

"ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN"

Here under continual bombardment from the enemy guns shelling Verdun, midnight mass was celebrated at Fort Douaumont for the officers and men of the garrison

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Photograph from Paul Thompson

ATTENDING THE WOUNDED

The work of the clergy of all denominations has been a glorious page in the annals of the war. More than 30,000 priests are, and have been, serving with the various armies since the outbreak of the war

count of the terrible dangers encountered on all sides. I have helped many soldiers to die, most of whom were shot by rifles, the bullet making so small a hole it could barely be seen; but too often the soldier has been hit by high explosive shells. Then, indeed, it is piteous. Well do I remember one day they brought in on a stretcher a man who had been wounded; they said they did not know whether he was dead or wounded, but brought him in as quickly as they could. I uncovered the body to see where the wound lay, and disclosed a headless body. Another time I was trying to help one of those poor wounded men off the stretcher to carry him to the ambulance, and found that he had no legs—just his uniform, but no legs.

The devastation of the country by the retreating Germans is appalling. One sees churches in ruins, sacred vestments lying in a heap of dust and dirt, and the vessels of the Mass pierced by bullets. And the churches themselves—the Germans sacreligiously used the churches for stalls for their horses—are in an indescribable state of dirt and filth. You cannot realize how such a sacrilege pains the heart of a priest.

I have often been asked by soldiers, "What is the doctrine of the church on war?" "How is it that the priest blesses soldiers that are going to kill each other?" The doctrine of the church is not of war but of peace. The Church is for peace, but the Church knows that as long as there are men, as long as there are passions in men, war will be inevitable; and so when a war is declared, when a just war is to be fought, then the Church comes and says, "Do your duty in war, but try to lessen, to soothe, the calamities of war." Then the Church sends priests with those who are going to fight, to encourage them, and asks every one to do his duty toward those who are out there fighting for a just cause. That is the doctrine of the church.

At first sight it would seem that the war has been the ruin of Catholicity in France and Belgium. Some who think that France before the outbreak of hostilities was atheistic and incredulous will say and believe that no religion will be felt after the war. This is a great error. At first sight, indeed, seeing the churches bombarded, seeing priests killed by hundreds—I cannot tell how many have been killed in the war already, but every one knows that between twenty and thirty thousand priests of different orders are at war at present—one could understand such a point of view.

But such a viewpoint is entirely erroneous and false as judged by my experience in the war. Before the war the Catholic religion had been growing in France. There had been for the last ten, twelve, fifteen years or even more, a Catholic revival in France. And this war has increased this revival and brought out the true religious feeling of the Nation, so that after the war religion will have a new strength and a new spirit. For war has certainly increased religion and devotion in France.

THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM

I remember the beginning of the war. At that time I was on a short holiday in a little village in Brittany, a most interesting spot and restful for all those who live in busy cities. At that time I did not dream for a moment that war would break out in a few weeks, and I was like countless others, for

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nobody in France believed it. One day while sailing near Brest—one of the great harbors that could protect a whole fleet if necessary—with a member of the French Foreign Office, a man who ought to know something about foreign matters, I remember him pointing to a man-of-war in the harbor. (The man-of-war was *La France*, which later carried M. Poincaré on a visit to Petrograd.) Said my friend, "What is the use of such a waste of money and men in building ships for a Nation that would never dream of declaring war?" And this only a few days before war was declared! We were not preparing for war because we never thought war would be declared on us. However, when I knew from advance information from a private source that Austria-Hungary would declare war, I hurried home. A few days later came the posting of bills, and we knew that a general mobilization had been decreed.

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DIVINE SERVICE IN A GROTTO

The war has brought about a tremendous religious revival, not only in the army itself but throughout the civilian population as well. The churches are continually crowded with people praying for help in their hour of need

Then all of a sudden crowds came into my little church, not nervous but quiet and decided, full of faith and prayer. They came at all hours and all day long, and some churches could not be closed for several nights, so many people were there. In the morning on Sunday, at high mass, I went up into the pulpit as was my custom every morning. I told my parishioners that I considered it my duty to leave; their husbands, their brothers, fathers, their children, were going to war, some were destined to fall in battle, and I considered that I could be more useful there at the front; I felt it my duty to go and help them and console and comfort them. I felt that I must be the father in fact as well as in name of those who had left their home to go and fight, and I am sure that my beloved flock understood my feelings.

So I went to war, thinking I would be sent to the front at once, but it was several months before I finally reached there. The number of priests who volunteered as chaplains was so great that they could not all be admitted at once. Hundreds and thousands flocked to the army, not to be officers, but just to be permitted to go to the front and help serve the wounded and dying.

After a few months I was allowed to go to the front. I must say that the army corps in which I was serving was not considered one of the best in France, far from it. When I was about to leave Paris, my friends said, "Indeed, it is a good thing for you to go there. The French Government was very wise to send a chaplain to that army corps; they certainly need one badly." Yet in that army corps I have helped hundreds and thousands to die, and not one, I say not one, has ever refused the sacraments I was offering. Some of them were unconscious—I cannot say for them—but all who were conscious accepted all that I offered as a priest and thanked me for it.

We have mass in the trenches, and mass in the trenches is one of the most devotional things I know of in the world. We dig a little hole, and erect a little shelter overhead to protect the altar. We carry with us everything necessary to say mass. The priest's robe, the altar cover, the chalice, the book, the candles and candlesticks, the cross, etc., all are fitted into a wooden box 18 x 12 x 12 inches. The officers and soldiers will line up against the walls of the trench, hiding as much as they can, and if an enemy airplane is sighted, every one has to disappear for a few minutes while the air-

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Photograph from Brown Bros.

SERVICE FOR THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE

Members of the American Ambulance attending mass in a ruined village The altar is set up on a pile of ruins and a stretcher bearer acts as altar boy

plane hovers above—then mass recommences. What faith, what piety, in hearing mass under such conditions!

I remember one day a Colonel and a Captain, attending mass in a trench, were shot by the same shell. Do you know what was left of the Colonel, one of the best and bravest of men! We found just a piece of his arm not larger than my hand, and of the Captain just a leg. We put the relics together very carefully in a small coffin no larger than a child's coffin, and buried them.

Not only in the trenches but behind the trenches we have mass for the soldiers, and when we can gather them into a church they come in crowds, for anything, even for the recital of the rosary. I managed to have the rosary said every day for six months, for I knew the soldiers would be there, and knew that if I failed to get there the soldiers would say it without me.

I have said Christmas mass often in my life but never have I said such a devotional Christmas mass as on last Christmas. The first mass was in a trench, a sort of dug-out, with just room for the altar, and lined up against the walls were the soldiers and officers who had all come to confession the day before. When I turned, at the Gospel, to speak to them, it reminded me of the Grotto at Bethlehem. Never had we celebrated Christmas so well as on that night, with only a couple of candles to give a feeble light.

The second mass (The Catholic priest is required to say three masses on Christmas) I said in a sort of hut covered with branches for fear of being seen by army airplanes. It was very cold, so cold indeed that my fingers became numbed, but the soldiers stood throughout the mass without moving, as if quite comfortable. The third mass I said between two big guns. One had exploded the day before, fortunately not injuring many. The wind was so high that I had to keep my fingers on the Host for fear it would blow away. Still one felt that it was Christmas.

After mass I went up with one of the officers and ate my Christmas dinner with him out of a tin box. He spoke of his mother, he spoke of his sister, and he said that Christmas was not Christmas so far from home. I did my best to cheer him that lonely Christmas Day.

And I am only one of hundreds and thousands of chaplains in the French army. Their example of charity kindness, and heroism has been of great help in making soldiers come back to their faith.

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ABOUT THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

THIS magazine bears to the world the message of the Red Cross. It is a message of tenderness—the combined tenderness of the nation—and it speaks from trench and battleship, from hospital and far-away prison camp. It tells you of the heroic work of soldiers and sailors, of nurses, surgeons, and ambulance drivers. It tells you how your bandages and dressings are stopping wounds and how your money is fighting death.

A magazine with such a message is more than a mere report—it is the very cornerstone of a great humanitarian movement, for it joins your efforts with everybody's efforts and gives them all the strength of unity.

It is the ambition of the editors of this magazine that it shall advance in usefulness and influence as fast as the work of the American Red Cross is advancing, and they are finding in its making the same spirit of coöperation that the War Council and the War Finance Committee are discovering in their fields.

No one has been asked to do anything who has not responded, and with surprising warmth and promptness. With such help and coöperation the RED CROSS MAGAZINE should grow as no other magazine has grown before.

FOR OCTOBER

the cover has been contributed by James Montgomery Flagg. It is delightful in execution and expresses an idea particularly happy for this issue, which will be largely about the Navy and Army.

Lieutenant Henry Reuterdahl has been good enough to contribute a series of sixteen paintings of the men and ships of the American navy, which will be reproduced in full color, forming a very unique and striking detail.

ABOUT DELAYS

There are about 1,500 chapters of the American Red Cross, and as part of these chapters there are thousands of branches and auxiliaries all working at top speed. Even with such vigorous and unselfish effort, it sometimes takes many weeks for subscriptions to reach the offices of the magazine. In the last four months several hundred thousand names have been received, put on printing stencils and entered on the records. In one morning's mail we received 23,782 subscriptions and the August issue was exhausted before it came off the press.

If you have any complaints of magazines not being received, first make sure that the branch and chapter officers have forwarded your subscriptions to Washington. In the great majority of cases failure to forward the names has been the chief cause of the delays. If, however, you find that the subscribers' names were sent promptly to Washington, then write your complaint to

CIRCULATION MANAGER, THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE, GARDEN CITY, L. I., N. Y.

where the magazine is printed and the names of all subscribers are now kept. Thousands of tangled lists are being straightened out every day, and in a few weeks we hope everybody entitled to the magazine will receive it promptly.

IF THE MAGAZINE PLEASES YOU

ask your neighbor, if he is a $1.00 member, to send an extra dollar through his branch or chapter and become a subscribing member. The magazine is too expensive to allow us to send it to $1.00 members, much as we should like to do so, and we hope to make it so valuable that a year's subscription will always be worth the extra dollar. Ask your friends who are not yet members to join one of these classes:

Subscribing Member	$ 2.00
Contributing Member	5.00
Sustaining Member	10.00
Life Member	25.00
Patron Member	100.00

All members of the above classes receive the RED CROSS MAGAZINE every month. Then you can help the Red Cross by reading the advertising pages and mentioning the magazine in writing to the advertisers. In this way the latter are assured that their products are placed before a discriminating public. All magazine profits go to the American Red Cross, which is thus assured a steady monthly income of no small proportions.

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The Merciful Hand

Dedicated to Miss Alice L. F. Fitzgerald, Edith Cavell memorial nurse, going to the front

BY

VACHEL LINDSAY

(of the Vigilantes)

YOUR fine white hand is Heaven's gift
To cure the wide world, stricken sore,
Bleeding at the breast and head,
Tearing at its wounds once more.

✠

YOUR white hand is a prophecy,
A living hope that Christ shall come
And make the nations merciful,
Hating the bayonet and drum.

✠

EACH desperate burning brain you soothe,
Or ghastly broken frame you bind,
Brings one day nearer our bright goal,
The love-alliance of mankind.

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THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

The Gray Clad Warriors of Fifty Years Ago Have Given Way to the Khaki Clad Warriors of To-day, but Their Spirit Ever Goes Marching On

BY

SOPHIE KERR

ONE day last spring a business errand brought me to Washington. The beautiful capital city seemed to wear an air of unwonted festivity. Gay bunting and festoons of flags were everywhere. And holding a prominent position side by side with the Stars and Stripes was a banner—an unfamiliar banner to me—which carried crossed blue bars on a red field. Then it flashed over me. Washington was holding a reunion of the Confederate Veterans! Every other person had gray hair, topping a gray uniform, but mingled with this symphony of gray was a new note. Every now and then a stalwart figure dressed in khaki strode by, the upright, erect carriage and elastic step a strange contrast to the bent carriage and feeble step of the veterans, who fifty years ago heard the call and answered, giving their all for the cause they believed in. And it seemed to me, as I watched old men and young men together, that the younger generation had absorbed the splendid spirit of the older men and that the former, too, were not afraid to lay down their lives for their country and for the cause for which their country was at war—the cause of liberty and true democracy.

And when I sought my hotel, I found the long corridor filled with these same men in gray—some straight and jaunty and quick as youth itself, but mostly bent and feeble, helped by canes or crutches, or leaning on the arm of a daughter or grand-daughter. And several were supported by husky grandsons wearing the khaki of the new and greater army of the United States.

And the old men made a picture that filled the eye and held the heart. Their cameo-like faces stood out clear and fine. Not one of them but seemed to say in every feature: "I am a man of character. I have lived clean and gallantly. Greed and materialism have passed me by"—oh, they were fine American faces, all of them. Not that they looked angelic by any means—I would be willing to vouch that more than one of the lot can be peppery and cantankerous and obstinate at times, but I can also vouch that not one of them was mean or base or self-seeking. Here and there one heard scraps of talk: "At that time, suh, I was under the command of General Braxton Bragg," and "there'll be a great hand-shaking 'mongst the boys to-day," and once, when two veterans stood near me and two pretty Southern girls stopped to speak to them, one said, after the girls had passed on: "I hope I shall never be too old, suh, to enjoy looking at a pretty girl." God bless him—I hope not, too!

One gay youngster of nearly eighty waved a beseeching cane at the leader of the orchestra: "You, suh, up theah, will you kindly play for me 'The Girl I Left Behind Me'?" And every last one of them leaped to his feet and let out the rebel yell when the orchestra swung into "Dixie!"

Not many of these fine old men looked overly successful from a worldly point of

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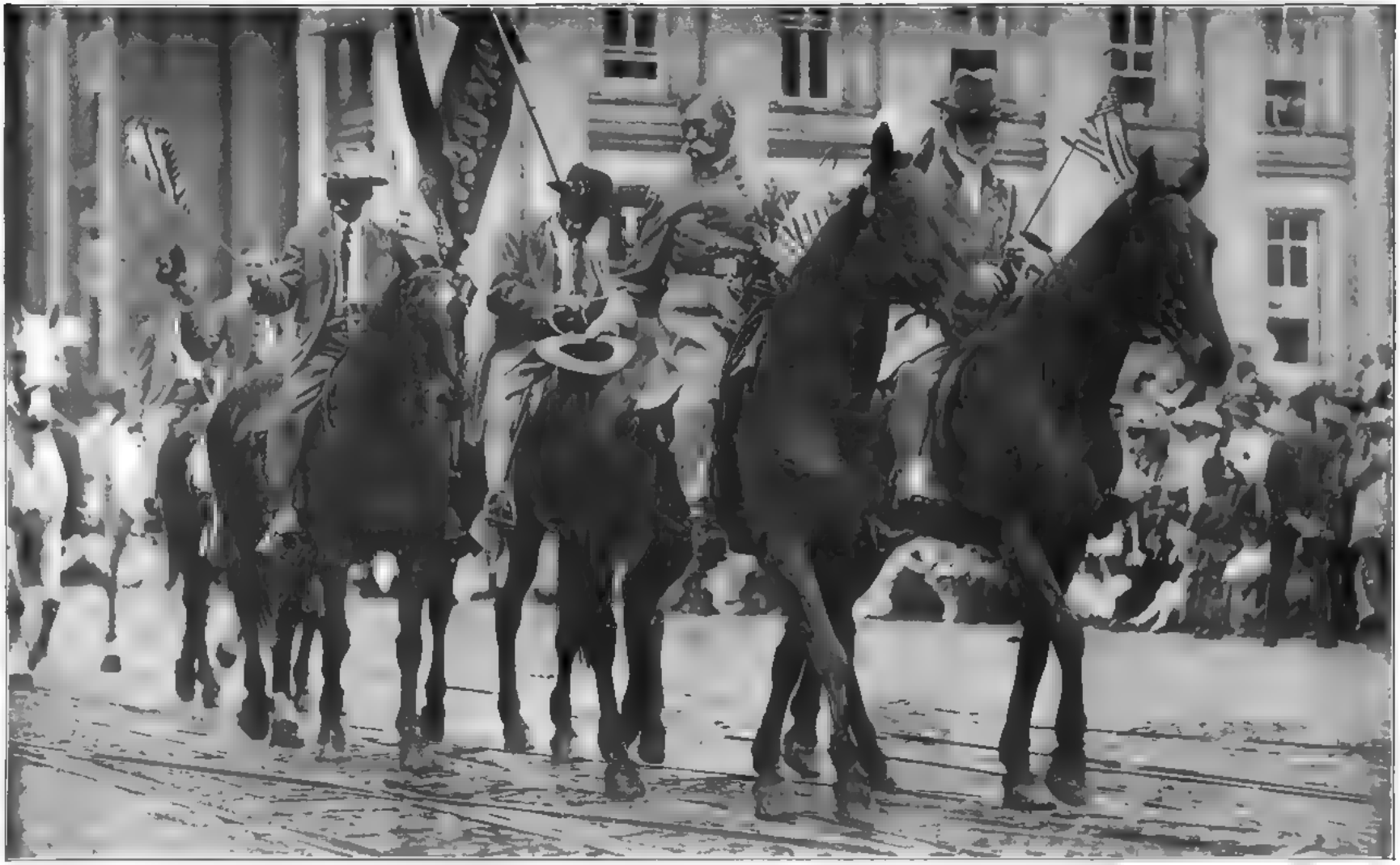

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"UNITED WE STAND"

The gray clad soldiers who fifty years ago fought in vain for the cause they believed in, show the true spirit of a united nation in their triumphal march through Washington

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Photograph by Harris & Ewing

GODSPEED!

The veteran of the Civil War greets the new warrior of to-day, who is about to take up the gage of battle

view. Some were obviously poor—their poor old cheap shoes showed that—and they must have pinched and saved all year to come to the reunion and enjoy the warm comradeship of it, and the good talk of old days. But none were poor in spirit and none were poor in integrity or honor or pride. They are the salt of the earth, those old young fellows—a national asset.

One might say that they fought against America instead of for her, and that they were "rebels" and should not now be allowed to bring their gray uniforms and their "bonnie blue flag" into the Nation's capital. But it must be remembered that these men fought for what they believed right as honestly as our boys are fighting in France to-day; that they came back into the Union only to feel for years the grind of poverty and the bitter injustices of reconstruction, and in spite of it all they have won our admiration through their devotion to the flag and the nation—undoubted, magnificent. This is the real glory of the conquered.

The Civil War ended over fifty years ago. Many of the grandsons of these veterans in gray are now in khaki. Fifty years from to-day they may be in the nation's capital to celebrate their battles in France and Flanders, cheering their officers, saluting their flag. They will carry on the torch of gallantry and courage that their grandfathers have bequeathed them. This is the true American spirit.

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THE AUTHORS AND ILLUSTRATORS LEND A HAND

The Efficient and Patriotic Service Rendered by the Foremost Authors and Illustrators in Arousing the Nation for Carrying on the War

WHEN the tocsin sounded for the Nation to spring to arms, none were more eager to aid their country in the great fight for freedom than were the authors and illustrators. Realizing that in their case indeed the pen and the brush were mightier than the sword and that they could be of greatly superior service by exercising their talents for furthering recruiting than by handling a rifle in a trench, they set to work to perfect an organization by means of which they might best employ their time.

The illustrators, banding together, formed the Illustrators' Society and elected Mr. Charles Dana Gibson president. Immediately a great flood of work began. First there were the striking recruiting posters for the Army. Others painted stirring scenes on giant sign boards urging enlistment in the Navy and the Marines. Then came the Liberty Loan, with its call for posters, and the food question enrolled a host of workers. But perhaps the best work has been that done for the Red Cross Society. The artists have spared no pains in their effort to bring the public into the Red Cross either through the medium of posters or by their contributions to the Magazine. Mr. Clarence F. Underwood contributed the striking cover for this number of the Magazine, while Mr. Charles Dana Gibson drew the frontispiece. Other well-known artists, such as James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy, Coles Phillips, Henry Reuterdahl, J. Knowles Hare, A. B. Frost, Wallace Morgan, etc., are giving of their valuable time and best efforts by contributing covers and sketches.

And as with the illustrators so was it with the authors. Taking the name of Vigilantes, because it was so distinctly American and savoured so of American history, they banded together and pledged themselves to give their services, as far as was humanly possible, toward aiding their country. The most famous authors, whose work is of the best in the world to-day, have been contributing to the organization which sends articles to all the newspapers throughout the country. Ever Friday proof sheets go out to the newspapers of all towns of 5,000 or more inhabitants, the articles being divided among the various papers in those towns so that there will be no duplication, and these articles are afterward forwarded through the American Press Association to its 10,000 papers.

At present two members of the Vigilantes are in Europe devoting all their time and energies to saving the United States from the errors from which England and France suffered through inexperience. Another is making a trip throughout the United States on a war mission, while yet another is travelling through Canada to learn from the neighboring Dominion how best to conduct a war from this side of the water.

The Vigilantes proved of inestimable value in pushing the Liberty Loan and in aiding in the new state census. They aided the Red Cross materially in obtaining the $100,000,000 fund and many of the members are contributing continually to The Red Cross Magazine.

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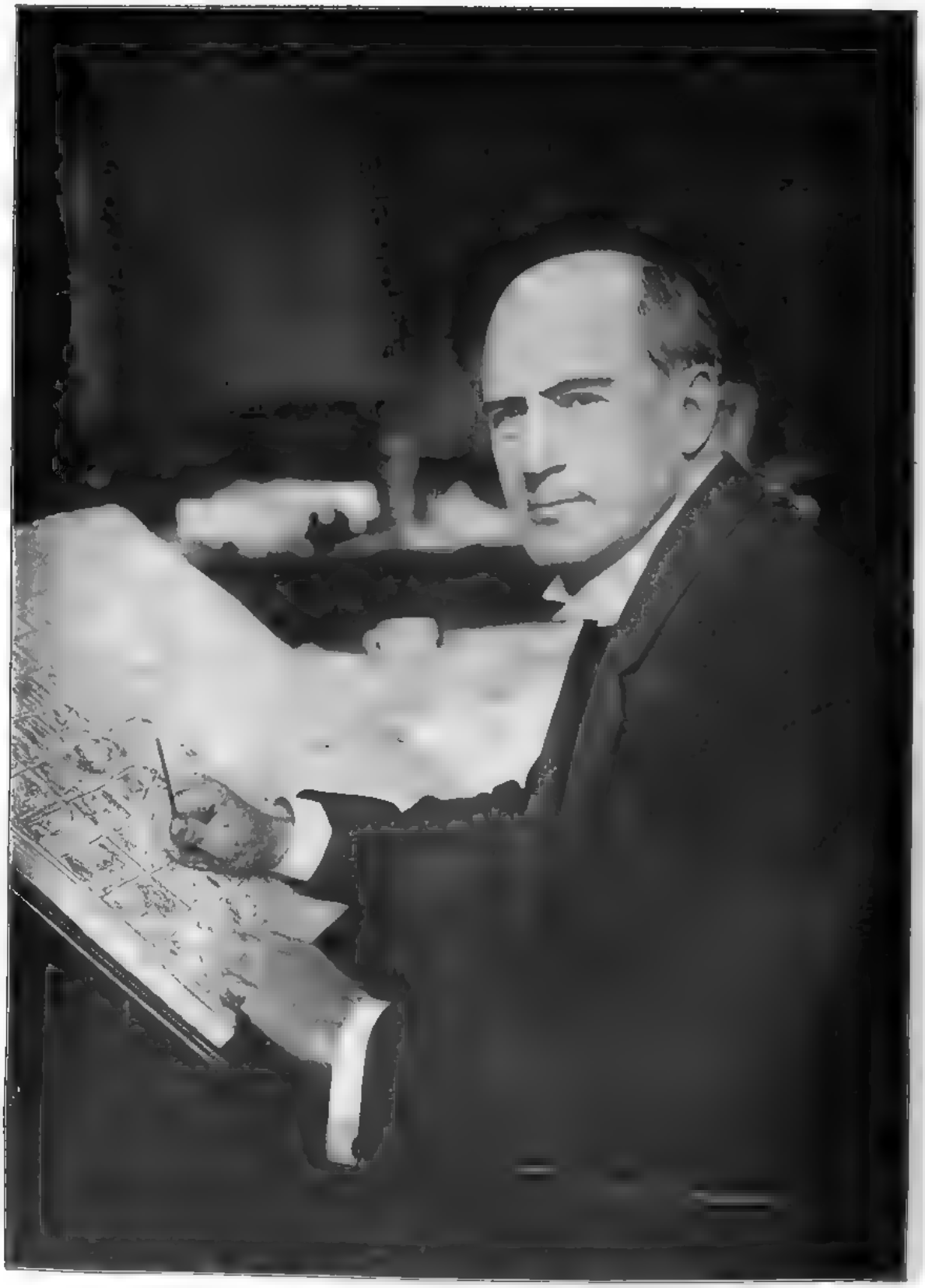

MR. CHARLES DANA GIBSON

President of the Illustrators' Society, an organization formed to do special work for war purposes. The frontispiece of the September Red Cross Magazine was especially prepared by Mr. Gibson for this issue

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MR. CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

One of the prominent artists who is rendering patriotic service through the medium of the brush. Mr. Underwood contributed this month's cover to the Red Cross Magazine.

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AMONG THE BULGARS

BY

HELEN SCOTT HAY, R. N.

MISS HELEN SCOTT HAY

Who with Miss Torrance (right), and Miss Oosheva (left) as interpreter, spent several months in Philippopolis aiding the poverty-stricken population.

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I HAD gone to Sofia, Bulgaria, before the outbreak of the great war to found a Training School for nurses; and the fortunes of war, after six months, had made that work no longer feasible. The Red Cross had already instructed: "In the event of war you are free to do whatever is desired of you." And so, Queen Eleonora of Bulgaria requesting, I went at once to Philippopolis, where relief work among the civilian poor was calling for help and attention.

Philippopolis is the second city of Bulgaria, and numbering its population at sixty thousand it includes Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Albanians, Wallachians, gipsies, some Serbs and Rumanians, and Bulgarians from every quarter of the Balkans; refugees from Saloniki, Gallipoli, Dedeagatch, Drama, Pravo Slav, Protestant, Roman Catholic, Spanish Jew, Mohammedan and the followers of the old Gregorian Church.

Relief work in Philippopolis, as in various places in Bulgaria, is no new thing. At this time, in addition to the hundreds of refugees left from the Balkan wars of 1912 and 1913, hundreds more were pouring in, dazed and helpless after the horrors and privations the present war had brought them. Also there were the many resident poor, mostly soldiers' families, whose circumstances grew more and more pitiful each month.

When Miss Torrance, who accompanied me, arrived in Philippopolis, we had no knowledge of the city, its mixed population, or how the Bulgarian poor lived. Neither of us had had a day of special training for such work, and our knowledge of the Bulgarian language was most limited. However, nothing daunted, we made our plans, and, with a total capital of five hundred dollars, the "American Red Cross Philippopolis Visiting Nurse Association" began its work. Miss Torrance's first duties took her toward the barracks housing hundreds of war prisoners, English, French, and Serbian, to the city quarter known as "Little Paris." A very woeful, shabby "Little Paris" it was, too, and full of misery.

My first call took me to a small girl with typhoid, in the fringes of the business section. The way led through a lumber yard where I first learned that the poor were thankful to buy wood by the kilogram (2 pounds), and that for these six to eight sticks they must pay at the rate of ten dollars a cubic metre.

Our work was divided by each of us taking three of the six chief parishes of the city. Miss Torrance had "Little Paris" on the outskirts, and in the crowded parts of the city, the parish of "Saint Cyril and Saint Methode" and the parish of "St. Nadella," a hotbed of tuberculosis—in one form or another—where lived many of the poor Armenians. I had the "Marash" district where lived most of the poor Spanish Jews, the New Quarter with a large refugee class, and away off across the "foaming Maritza" river, "Karsheeack" numbering ten thousand, and extending along a road of crowded shops, houses and khans, way out to the barracks, truck gardens, and beyond. One argument between us that was never settled was as to the number of miles covered in a day's labor in "Little Paris," as opposed to the same in "Karsheeack," and the extent, muddiness, and stickiness of "Little Paris" mud in comparison with "Karsheeack" mud. For miles and mud in both places were of a very great weariness! Miss Torrance had more hills to climb, with their rough Turkish cobblestones, fatal to comfort and shoe leather. But on the whole, this division of territory proved a fair division of the city's miseries.

There exists in Philippopolis the Samaritan Society, an organization of prominent women, whose aim is first to provide for the sick poor of Philippopolis eggs, milk, and medicine, but whose members give themselves most unsparingly to service for all poor and unfortunate. From the first these women entered heartily into all our plans and work, and under the capable leadership of the President, Mrs. Stephan Kaltcheff, gave us most valuable support and influence.

To the sympathy and understanding of Miss Elizabeth Oosheva, who was our interpreter and helper in our first four months, we were kindly received everywhere. The priests of the various quarters or their families made rounds with us frequently and advised us concerning new and old cases. Our clientage in the quarters became constantly larger and larger, as the applicants for aid became more numerous at our gate, morning, noon, and night. They filled the entrance hall and sat on our stairs and then overflowed

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to the outside steps and the pavement. This unsolicited dispensary work at the home called for much time, and was always no small part of our daily work.

THE WRETCHED HOMES OF THE POOR

The homes of the poor Bulgarians are all much alike—a very low entrance door to the one or two dark rooms, low ceiling, mud floors and white or blue washed mud walls; the small window sealed tight. For warmth or cooking there is a small sheet iron stove, or fire place of capricious temper, or a "mongo"—a sheet-iron fire-box for charcoal, that for its size and appearance gives out a surprising amount of heat. With the poorest, where there are neither of these, the family makes itself as comfortable as possible in any available bed covers or old sheepskin coats.

A bed consists of husks or a straw mat on the mud floor, with a thin cotton pad or quilt for mattress and for cover; no sheets, and the straw pillows so hard and so thick that one gets a crick in the neck only to think of them. All the family sleep in one room side by side, guests as well, clad in all their clothes. No chairs, perhaps a stool or two and usually a Turkish divan running along one side of the room, covered with the native woven cloth in red and yellow, and flanked by a row of the fat, neck-wrenching pillows. These simple homes, however poor, are often clean and attractive. The door-yards, however, are likely to be uncared for—in rainy weather turning into lakes of mud and water.

Refugees coming in swarms are likely to be housed, many in one building, under the worst of conditions. In one house there were upward of fifty families together at one time. In my first visit there, a priest's wife and daughter of sixteen shared the twelve by ten or with a soldier's widow having a daughter developing and a son of sixteen, the latter centre was in a hoid fever. Another refugee where in a room ab burned theatre building housed ten families. twenty by thirty were in the worst of repair, an houses were always liged to see that roofs were mended, doors hung properly, and the windows repaired, glass or even paper put in the gapingholes where only the thinnest of curtains kept out the north wind.

I have said that refugees and soldiers' families constituted the majority of our poor. Every man of wage earning capacity had been taken for a soldier, and wage earners among the poor were the exception—partly because of natural hindrances to such, as small children, old age, physical and mental defects, and particularly because with the hard times, work was so appallingly scarce. Many factories had closed down for lack of work; housewives had done away with domestic aid. The tobacco factories alone lacked neither material nor consumers, and though they were unable to give employment to all applicants, yet they were enormous benefactors, constantly employing hundreds of women and girls.

A third reason for the non-employment of refugees, is because of the apathy and paralysis of effort that comes after their terrible experiences, dangers, and losses. A single such experience would be ample cause for the irresponsible hopelessness these people often evidence; and many of them two and three times have been forced to hasty flight when flame or shell or military necessity had made of their homes a desolation.

For the families without a wage earner, there is but one other possible source of income—the small government allowance made to the dependent relatives of soldiers—about two dollars a month to each person up to four; for four or more, nine dollars a month is the maximum sum allowed. For a family of eight, the bread alone costs four dollars. Could you manage it? And suppose pay day is delayed a week, or a month, or longer?

THE FATE OF THE GIPSIES

With the gipsies there was made a discrimination never explained satisfactorily. From April 1916, for many months the families of gipsy soldiers were refused all government allowance. The reason given was that the gipsies were always lazy and that only by withholding the money due them could they be driven to the rice fields where their work was greatly needed. There are several loopholes to such an argument as you will see. But this did not give bread to poor "Ashé" for her four hungry children, nor put strength in her blood when to these Allah added the dear but undesired twins, Achmed and

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Mechmed. As for the destitute old people, and for the sick, God only knows how they ever lived! There were always others a little less destitute than themselves, who, with rare generosity, gave from their little. And so, strange as it was, with so little food and such poverty, there were few deaths due directly to starvation. But the anemic mothers, the puny babies, the increased susceptibility to diseases, and the lowered resistance—these were some of the abundant evidences everywhere that Bulgaria was very, very hungry.

War bread is made chiefly of a mixture of wheat, rye, and corn as a food committee decides from day to day. The loaves weigh approximately two pounds, and a quarter of a loaf is allowed each person. All other food, usually plentiful and cheap, now is both scarce and high, and this small quarter loaf is the entire day's ration for most of the poor. Often it is musty, underdone, or otherwise unpalatable. Sometimes, because someone fails in his responsibility, crowds surging at the public ovens find there is no bread. Then they must go quite hungry, or beg for food until the ponderous machinery of the food committee once again delivers to the bakers their necessary ration of flour.

INTRODUCING THE BATH

We carried with us a visiting nurses' bag of supplies, and at first aimed to do much actual nursing. The introduction of bed baths, for example, often seemed imperative where the only baths the people know are those at the public bath house, and where the sick lie for days without any bodily care or change of clothing. A bath, successfully achieved, without collapse or fever reported to us on our next visit, or our dismissal from the case, was always an occasion of much comment and congratulation. Sometimes the family were enthusiastic converts at once. Witness in the case of Miss Torrances' pet, Vasilky, who, after the needed instruction of the grandmother, had his daily cold bath! And in the face of the predictions and expectations of all the neighborhood, Vasilky refused to die, and waxed fat, and grew strong and rosy.

For the bath the family provided the water and a wash tub or perhaps an old Standard Oil can; or maybe these had to be borrowed from a neighbor who thereby secured for herself and friends admission to the unique performance. We supplied everything else, even to nightgowns and sheets.

But the traditions of generations are not easily put aside, even when it is the respected American Sister who insists that a daily bath is necessary, and that lying ill in bed clad only in a cotton gown is not fatal. So it was, as we became more and more busy with the relief problems, that the baths, and other nursing procedures calling for much time and argument, became less and less frequent. Our reports show that in the period, from May 15 to June 30, before the end of our fourth month's work, we registered, between us, 1,800 calls and consultations.

A day's programme would be something like this: First the petitioners at our door must be cared for. Perhaps there is no bread at the ovens this day, and so Yanka and Maria, Macedonian refugees, must be given a day's rations of potatoes for their families. For the old *baba* from a village ten miles away, cotton and a boric acid eye wash must be supplied. Six year old Stefanka comes to tell of fresh troubles in her family, where, as in so many, one catastrophe follows fast upon another; Krustanka and Stefan are given a fresh supply of milk coupons, and so on. Then, we must hurry the long road to our quarter. First we call to see Dedo Petroff, a lonely old man in the last stages of tuberculosis, and, next, to give advice, treatment, and material, for the dozen of skin ailments and eye diseases that one small gipsy "chiflik" (a collection of houses built about a court) is capable of providing. Then come in succession the dressing of a tubercular knee and of an infected hand; referring to the city doctors three women and two babies whose ailments are made known as we are hurrying along the streets; then to see three new cases reported very sick and very poor. There is a long list of old patients that must be visited and their needs supplied; and sometimes a patient put in the hospital, and that means a most vexatious whole day of work. With such constant duties, one can see how the giving of one bath might easily affect the interests of many beside the immediate victim.

And always present was some epidemic that lent variety to our labors and enormously

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swelled our statistics. When we first went to Philippopolis in the spring it was influenza. Everyone was coughing, and cough-mixture was the chief remedy. Then, as the hot days came on, naturally it was digestive disturbances of old and young, and by August and September, as with the Egyptians in the days of Pharaoh, the Philippopolis we knew best was agonizing with crops of boils—"prishky" they call it. Our medicine bags were lopsided ruins from the heavy ointment jars we had to carry. We had only to show ourselves in any quarter when immediately we were surrounded by "prishky" in all varieties and stages; and we were permitted to go on our way only after that considerable part of the community had been duly inspected, diagnosed, bandaged, and supplied for future care, or referred to the Doctor for other treatment. Along with this epidemic of "prishky" came malaria, and the drug bills swelled enormously with quinine at about forty dollars a pound. How wretched and how pitiable were those sufferers, needing so much the plentiful diet our small resources could not supply. It always seemed ridiculous to be giving out quantities of that vile medicine and nothing more; and yet we were always welcome. When the malaria had somewhat abated, cold houses and little food brought pneumonia to old and young. How quickly they died in the crowded unventilated little rooms! And helpless and useless we felt, indeed, for when we tried to convince the people of the need of open windows, clean mouths, and regularity with the feedings, and prescribed treatment, tradition and fatalism were dead against us, and we generally lost out.

This fatalism of the Orient is always most discouraging. "Kismet" they say—"God wills it"—and further argument is futile. If the sick baby is to get well, she will get well anyhow, and what use to make work for oneself, to swab a throat, or give a bath, or rub a back, or open a window? Quite as discouraging are their many superstitions and the practices of the old grandmothers—*babas* as they are called. Ashes, earth or filth, for fevers and eruptions, minced raw carrots and squash, cabbage and other leaves for the dressing of wounds; and disembowelled live frogs for gangrene. Most deplorable is the fear of fresh air, and it is no wonder tuberculosis claims here such an appalling number of victims. The teachers of the schools even, are surprisingly indifferent to, or ignorant of, the remedial possibilities of fresh air and frequent bathing, and the facts in transmission of disease. The people are most indifferent to many dangers, and hysterically fearful about others not half so grave. For example, many families will refuse all advice in a case of advanced tuberculosis, kissing the patient, or laying the family's bread on the patient's bed. And the same family, generous and helpful to a fault, would as willingly nurse a case of leprosy or give any personal care to a neighbor with the same disease. Many Bulgarian doctors refuse to call tuberculosis, even in its most deadly form, by its true name, labelling it "bronchitis," for the reason, they say, that the people would be fatally frightened if they were told the truth.

On April, 1916, Her Majesty, Queen Eleanore, came to Philippopolis, going with us to the homes of some of her poor children as she calls them. As one result of her visit, fourteen tubercular children were sent to the Alexander Hospital, Sofia, where good food and care resulted in the complete recovery of several, and in marked improvement with all of them.

GROWING MISERY

This last winter was a time of special hardship to our poor. More and more hungry were they, with only their small quarter loaf, and besides they were chilled to the marrow with heavy rains and deep snow. In the early fall, wood and charcoal had been assured us for our poor, by the "big committee" representing all the philanthropic associations of the city, which had just collected for poor relief about $32,000. But when the first cold weather came, any available fuel was most inadequate to the needs. Moreover the soup kitchens which we had been promised should serve 400 daily, were serving only sixty. No fuel or food could be bought in wholesale quantities, because of war restrictions; only a little here and there as it was whispered about in the neighborhood. So there was but one way to relieve, i.e.; to give money. For a dollar the mother could buy a little fuel or kerosene, a few beans or some rice, maybe a meat bone for flavor, and with

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that dollar, a family of five found comparative comfort for three to four days. Always more and more tubercular patients were coming under our care. Fortunately at this time of our greatest need, one thousand dollars came to us from the Committee of New York City. So, besides these small amounts of money, we were able to give a ration of milk and eggs more nearly adequate to the needs in each case. Where before we could give only one pint of milk and two eggs daily, now with selected cases, we allowed two quarts of milk and four and six eggs; and these patients with rare exceptions showed most satisfying gain or recovery.

With money received from the Red Cross the first of this year before the outbreak of hostilities, we began arrangements to open the soup kitchens our friends of the "big committee" had not been able to establish. We enlisted the interest of the local food committee, of the military commandant, and the Prefect; we presented to the Chief Food Committee in Sofia our formal petition to be permitted to buy rice, flour, etc., and meanwhile, we were offering our good money for whatever food could be found. As the result of our own endeavors, and through the most untiring service of our friends, by the last of March we had acquired two sacks of barley and wheat, 1,000 pounds each of potatoes and onions, two hogs for $110.00, fifty pounds of salt, a permit to buy weekly 180 pounds of meat, and were expectant that the desired thousand pounds of beans would shortly be found somewhere. With these supplies we arranged to open up the soup kitchens for 400 to 600 daily for a month, the remaining funds to supplement the work of the Samaritan Society during the summer, and to re-open the soup kitchens with cold weather in the fall. It was to be regretted that our money and supplies had not come earlier for the coldest weather, but one needed only to see the pale women and children everywhere to be sure a month's rations of good soup and food in the changeful March and April days would be no less efficacious. Warm clothing had been made in the early winter—a limited amount, as outing flannel was sixty-five cents. Some 220 garments weregiven out, underwear, dresses, and, for our gipsy friends, the Turkish trouser suits; but for each person supplied there were ten applicants almost as needy.

OVERCROWDED HOSPITALS

The hospitals are full of soldiers and there is scant room for the civilian. In the State Hospital at Philippopolis with some 400 beds, only in certain of the transmissible diseases and in acute surgical conditions could we get admission for our patients. No matter how poor, how sick or how helpless, all hospital assistance was refused. This is due in some measure to the fact that the increased difficulties, that every one labors under more or less in war times, are quite mistakenly accepted by many as adequate reason and excuse for many abuses of power. As for example in the City Government, impeachment of public officials in war time is contrary to law.

But for every disheartening difficulty we encountered, there were dozens of blessings daily, in the help we were able to give, in the grateful appreciation of our poor friends, and in the confidence and support we received from many good people in Philippopolis.

How far we failed to accomplish our intended reforms, or to give the special undivided help that is a chief purpose in such work, I do not like to think. But we planted seed in a most favorable soil of interest, appreciation, and desire, with our Bulgarian friends of all classes, and sometime, under favorable conditions of peace, we trust that from our small beginning there shall be developed an organization that shall mean the social and physical betterment not only of Philippopolis. not only of Bulgaria, but even of all the Balkans.

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THE COMPLETED CIRCLE

The Wonder Story of How a Pathetic Note From a Belgian Refugee to Her Husband in the Trenches Travelled Around the World, Drawing Out the Noblest Impulses Wherever It Touched, and at Length Returned to its Starting Point Bearing With It a Substantial Relief for the Stricken Country

BY

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

[Author of "Emmy Lou," "Selina," etc.]

IN THE winter of 1914–15, a Belgian soldier somewhere in France received a letter from his wife; a crudely expressed and laboriously written communication, for she was a simple peasant girl.

It is the after story of this letter that I want to tell; the perfect circle which starting with the peasant-wife in Belgium travelled half way round the world to return again to the stricken land where the letter was written.

The communication which reached the husband in the trenches is as follows:

MY DEAR HENRI:

I have received four letters from you the same day, this is the second that I send you, you ask me why I do not write, you do not know then that the enemy have been three weeks with us doing us much misery. For They have brought a great mourning on us, my dear Henri. I am going to tell you the whole truth for I cannot bear all this to myself, and you must have courage as I have had courage. Well, as you must know already, our little baby was born on the twenty-eighth in the midst of the bombardment, I was all alone, only my poor old mother was with me, and Fernande. But that is nothing yet, for two days later They made us all prisoners, all the women and children and old men of the village, and They put us all in the church. There They were making us die of hunger. On the first day of September, day of misery, a bomb falls into the church and kills at one blow my poor old mother and my poor little babe. She was holding it in her lap. But that is not all, Fernande also was struck, a piece went through her right side, and she suffered for two whole hours. She would say, "Mamma Marie, take me away from the church, it does not feel good here." And then she would ask me for something to eat and there would be nothing. And then again, "Mamma Marie, take me away from the church, it is not good here." And I could not take her away, They were guarding outside.

So you see you must not worry about us for there is nothing left but me, and I can alway get along. You see that I have been courageous. Courage is strength. My poor Henri have courage, I hope that some day we will be together again.

MARIE.

Percival Gibbon, the war correspondent, sent this to *Collier's Weekly*. It would be interesting to learn how it came into his hands, making clear the connection between the Belgian husband in the trenches and himself. But of these things I cannot say.

It is sufficient to say that some Kentucky omen, living in the village of Anchorage, near Louisville, read the published letter. This was during the first year of the war, remember, and the story of prostrate Belgium was a newer thing to the world than it is now—and in the instant of reading it, the claim of the women and children of that country on the rest of the world became not an impersonal, indefinite thing, but a personal, insistent and immediate call on every woman everywhere. The response of these Kentucky women forms the first link in the chain of the story.

Some days later I was happily engaged, one of a group of Anchorage women, in seeing that one thousand dollars given for condensed milk for the Belgian babies, was started on its way, when a call summoned me to the telephone.

"Won't you come into the city this afternoon and talk to the members of my Mothers' Meeting at the Cabbage Patch?" came over the wire. It was the voice of the well known author of "Mrs. Wiggs of The Cabbage Patch," (Alice Hegan Rice), speaking. "Our regular programme has fallen through. The members look forward to their meetings so eagerly I can't bear that they should be dis-

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appointed. Come in and tell them about your Belgian babies. Knowing poverty and privation themselves they will love to hear what America is doing for them. Few of them have time ever to read a newspaper themselves."

THE MEMBERS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH

The writer went in, to bestow as it were, and was herself the gainer. Thirty odd women from the region known as the Cabbage Patch, banded together for mutual help, coöperation, and entertainment, conducted their meeting themselves with gravity, simplicity, and dignity. There were young mothers, middle-aged mothers, and here and there a grandmother. Mrs. O'Hagan had Johnny and Katie with her, aged two and four, big-eyed and tow-headed, quiet as mice, and Mrs. Becker had Gertie, aged three. There were half a dozen babies in arms, and little Mrs. Hawker's tiny four weeks old one, it was his first journey into the world, and he took his dinner placidly and contentedly while the speaker talked.

The war was a far-off thing scarcely more than a rumor to the roomful of women, their days one long stretch of toil from the moment of rising until sundown. Now that the speaker saw her audience she all but repented of the apparent cruelty of telling the story of the war here, and must have lamely broken down in the attempt but for the reflection that it was on the relief being sent to the stricken people that she was to dwell. But even so, as she looked on these patient, toil-worn faces turned to her, she was not happy.

Her audience listened to the story of Belgium, of its mothers without milk for the starving babies, and of the towns and villages without food for the children and the old, listened with gravity and attention but also stolidity, there being no outward show of response. A movement did pass over the assembly when the letter from the Belgian peasant mother was read, and perhaps Mrs. Hawker did gather her four weeks old little one closer to her, but that was all.

The programme being over there followed the real thrill of the afternoon. Out of the yearly dues of twenty-five cents, religiously paid by the last soul of them, the group served coffee and cake at their meetings, coffee in quantity that all should have plenty, and plates of what they proudly designated to the guests, as "confectionery cakes," pink, white, chocolate, macaroons, and ladyfingers. Gravity gave place to hospitality scarcely less grave but glowing with pride and satisfaction.

REAL CHARITY

Several days after the writer's doubtful talk to the group, a note came to her at her country home. It inclosed a five dollar bill. "We choose to give you our money for the babies you told about and have no more coffee and cake at our meetings this year," wrote the spokeswoman for the Cabbage Patch Mothers' Meeting.

The recipient of the note all but wept, feeling she simply could not accept the sacrifice, and reproaching herself that she had let the women feel however unintentionally that she was asking help from them. Inquiry convinced her however, that the offering must be accepted and acknowledged by her in the same spirit that sent it. One thousand and five dollars' worth of condensed milk therefore reached the babies in Belgium in due time.

Not long after I told the story of that last five dollars at a luncheon. A certain lady was a guest at the table, Miss D. from the east, a member of the faculty of one of the oldest girls schools in the country.

THE FINAL CHAPTER

This was in 1915. This spring I heard the end of the story, or dare I claim that it is the end, since who can say when the ever-widening circle of an initial good loses itself in the immensity of its circumference?

I met Miss D. again. "I must tell you of the sequel of your Belgian letter and the Cabbage Patch five dollars," she said. "The final chapter reached me from France the other day. It is something of a story and I shall not deprive myself of the telling by any slurring.

"As you and I know, all the world during that year of 1915 was giving, giving, in one sense or another, and yearning the more to be giving. But the girls at our school seemed apathetic. The faculty worried not a little. Because they were rich, or at least in more than comfortable circumstances, or perhaps

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because they had no personal understanding of the meaning of want and suffering no voluntary expression came from them to identify themselves with this world-wide response to suffering Europe.

"It devolved on me one morning to address them in chapel. As I looked down into their young faces, I stopped, abandoned the habitual programme, and told them the story of the Belgian peasant girl, and the offering from the poor women of the Cabbage Patch from their coffee and cake fund. I made no comment, nor drew any deduction. The story told, chapel was dismissed.

AWAKENED SYMPATHY

"A day later, the young president of the senior class, blooming with youth, came to my sitting-room after school hours. 'It is the custom of the seniors, as of course you know,' she said to me, 'to give the school a treat before we go. It usually costs a hundred dollars. The school has come to us and asked us to give the money to the Belgian children instead.'

"Later a deputy from the school at large came to me bringing an offering from the various classes. The total from the school exceeded three hundred dollars.

"But wait. The best is yet to come. Some time after this I was taking tea at the home of a well-known philanthropist in Boston. Some one who had heard my story of the Cabbage Patch begged me to tell it to the group about us. A gentleman on the outskirts of the circle drew near, tea cup in hand, and also heard the recital. He was presented to me later, a Frenchman, the husband of the daughter of one of our famous and public-spirited women.

"The next day he spoke to me over the telephone. 'I am returning to France,' said he, 'my mission to your country completed. My wife and I, as our contribution to the French and Belgian cause, conduct a little paper at our own expense in behalf of the French and Belgian Orphan Fund. With your permission I would like to tell the story in this paper of the offering of the poor women of the Cabbage Patch with the name and the location, if you think I may?'

"I have just heard from this gentleman, fully a year since he made the request, and here is the present status of the widening circle. The little paper that he publishes makes its way pretty much over Europe, certainly over Europe of the neutrals and the Allies, and he and his wife wanted me to know that the story of the Cabbage Patch has touched hearts wherever it has gone, and brought in for the Orphan Fund many times the amount contributed by these poor women in far away Kentucky."

"But," added Miss D., "perhaps he is mistaken as to this? Who is able to estimate the value of the Cabbage Patch gift? Witness what it has done already along the way beyond its value in dollars and cents?"

Thinking it over, however, the initial nobleness that inspired the subsequent acts started in the ruined church in Belgium when a peasant girl laboriously penned to her husband, "You must have courage as I have had courage, Marie."

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